

DEVOTED TO SILENT AND TALKING PICTURES

# SCREENLAND

SEPTEMBER

25¢



**The NEW  
JOHN GILBERT**

SUE CAROL

**TRICKS OF THE TALKIES**





## “That talking comedy alone was worth the price of admission!”

Everywhere you hear it in the lobbies of the country's leading picture theatres. They come out still laughing—they wouldn't have missed that comedy for anything!

Of course it's one of *Educational's* new talking comedies—the pictures in which the sound film is at its best. There's a new kind of amusement for you here, more entertaining, far funnier than the best comedies of the old silent screen.

And you can see and hear a new one every week. For the Mack Sennett pictures are just one group of *Educational's Talking Comedies* that have brought the comedy back into style in the best theatres everywhere.

### MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES

“THE LION'S ROAR”  
“THE BRIDE'S  
RELATIONS”  
“THE OLD BARN”  
“WHIRLS AND GIRLS”  
“BROADWAY BLUES”

“THE BEES BUZZ”  
“THE BIG PALOOKA”  
“JAZZ MAMAS”  
(First All-color All-talking Comedy)  
“GIRL CRAZY”  
“THE BARBER'S  
DAUGHTER”

**LLOYD HAMILTON  
TALKING COMEDIES**  
“HIS BIG MINUTE”  
“DON'T BE NERVOUS”  
“HIS BABY DAZE”

**JACK WHITE  
TALKING COMEDIES**  
“ZIP! BOOM! BANG!”  
“COLD SHIVERS”  
“LOVERS' DELIGHT”  
“LOOK OUT BELOW”

**LUPINO LANE  
TALKING COMEDIES**  
“SHIP MATES”  
“BUYING A GUN”

**CORONET  
TALKING COMEDIES**  
*with*  
**EDWARD EVERETT  
HORTON**  
“ASK DAD”  
“THE RIGHT BED”  
“TRUSTING WIVES”

**MERMAID  
TALKING COMEDIES**  
*Jack White Productions*  
“THE CRAZY NUT”

**TUXEDO  
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Watch for first release soon



**EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.**  
*E. W. HAMMONS, President*  
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.





## SHOWERED WITH HONORS

### Fox pictures, actors, directors receive bewildering array of awards for artistic merit

#### FOX wins Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences First Award

This organization, composed of the leading stars, directors, producers, writers and technicians, headed by Douglas Fairbanks as President and regarded as the representative voice of the motion picture industry, awarded the most coveted prize in the screen world to FOX for the most unique and artistic production of the year 1928, "SUNRISE" ♦ They also bestowed upon Janet Gaynor, petite Fox star, the first award of the Academy for her artistic performance in her portrayal of the role

Diane in "7th HEAVEN," this being adjudged the best screen performance of the year. Miss Gaynor's other noteworthy performances during the past year include "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR DEVILS" and "SUNRISE". ♦ Frank Borzage, director of "STREET ANGEL" was similarly honored by the Academy, who bestowed upon him the first award in the field of dramatic directors. ♦ The awards for the best adaptation was also won by FOX with Benjamin Glazer as the cited author.

#### FOX wins the Photoplay Gold Medal

One of the most important awards of the year is the annual PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL, presented by the publishers of Photoplay Magazine as a result of a poll of

their readers made each year. The American public, as represented by the readers of Photoplay Magazine, voted "7th HEAVEN" the best motion picture of the year.

#### FOX Pictures receive important awards throughout the world

In a nationwide poll among dramatic critics, conducted by the Film Daily, three FOX pictures were named among the ten best of the year 1928 — this poll included 295 critics in 188 cities representing 326 periodicals. The FOX pictures selected were "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR SONS" and "SUNRISE". ♦ In a WORLD-WIDE survey of

25 countries, "SUNRISE" was adjudged the best picture of the season by Der Deutsche, famous German publication. ♦ In Japan, "7th HEAVEN" won the contest conducted by Kirewa Jumbo, most popular motion picture magazine in Japan, for the best picture released in 1927. In 1928 the first award was won by "SUNRISE".

#### FOX Movietone is Americanizing the World

FOX MOVIE TONE Talking and Singing pictures also have an important place in international education. As an example of this world-wide influence FOX Talking pictures are being used in the Orient to educate school children and salesmen to speak the English language. English being the commercial language of the world, FOX all-talking pictures are everywhere in demand for

educational purposes. ♦ Artists who will be both seen and heard in the forthcoming season's FOX all-talking Movietone productions include some of the most famous from the ranks of the concert, musical and dramatic stage. You will HEAR and SEE John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, Will Rogers, to name only a few among the many famous personages appearing in Fox Movietone Pictures.

Watch your local theatre for the latest FOX MOVIE TONE ALL TALKING PICTURE. Don't miss it! And you will realize why the entire world is showering Fox pictures and players with awards for artistic merit.



☞ Sue Carol, the Girl on the Cover, will sing and act and everything in her forthcoming dialog film, "Why Leave Home?"



☞ SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

# SCREENLAND

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Delight Evans, Editor

## CONTENTS for SEPTEMBER

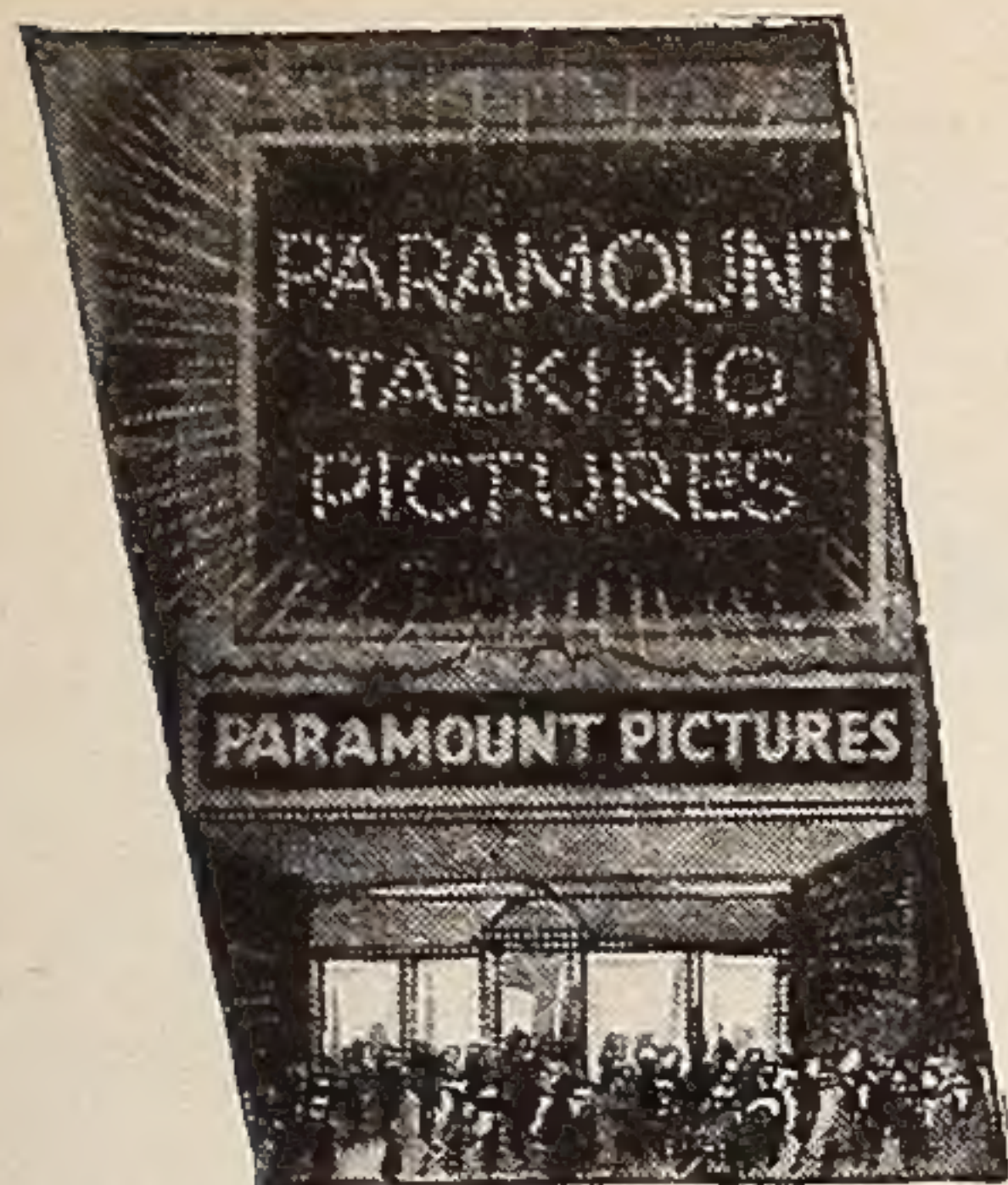
|                                                                        |    |                                                                                 |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| COVER — Sue Carol. Painted by Georgia Warren                           |    | DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS . . . . .                                                | 48  |
| LOT TALK . . . . .                                                     | 4  | BENNETT THE THIRD. Joan Bennett. By Edwin Martin . . . . .                      | 54  |
| THE FLAPPER FAN'S FORECAST. By Evelyn Ballarine . . . . .              | 8  | JUST A HOLLYWOOD BOY. William Bakewell. By D. A. Epstein . . . . .              | 56  |
| CONFESSIONS OF THE FANS. Letters from Readers                          | 12 | WHY, NORMA! Norma Shearer . . . . .                                             | 57  |
| HONOR PAGE — Richard Arlen . . . . .                                   | 16 | WARNER BAXTER — A Portrait . . . . .                                            | 58  |
| EDITORIAL. By Delight Evans . . . . .                                  | 18 | LILA LEE — A Portrait . . . . .                                                 | 59  |
| TAGGED FOR GLORY. New Candidates for Film Fame . . . . .               | 19 | LOIS WILSON — A Portrait . . . . .                                              | 60  |
| TRICKS OF THE TALKIES. By Ruth Tildesley . . . . .                     | 20 | ROBERT ARMSTRONG — A Portrait . . . . .                                         | 61  |
| RUDY VALLEE! The Story of a New Idol. By Rosa Reilly . . . . .         | 22 | DOROTHY GULLIVER — A Portrait . . . . .                                         | 62  |
| COLLEEN MOORE'S GIFT FUR FREE . . . . .                                | 24 | EDWARD EVERETT HORTON — A Portrait . . . . .                                    | 63  |
| AND NOW—COLOR! By Rob Wagner . . . . .                                 | 26 | MARION BYRON — A Portrait . . . . .                                             | 64  |
| THE NEW JOHN GILBERT. By Helen Ludlam                                  | 28 | LIONIZED! Nils Asther . . . . .                                                 | 65  |
| THOSE HEALTHY HOLLYWOOD PARTIES. By Grace Kingsley . . . . .           | 30 | LOMBARD—UNLIMITED! Carol Lombard. By Erle Hampton . . . . .                     | 66  |
| ARTHUR! ARTHUR! Arthur Lake. By James M. Fidler . . . . .              | 32 | ON LOCATION WITH HAROLD LLOYD. By Helen Ludlam . . . . .                        | 68  |
| THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH. The Great Divide . . . . .      | 33 | THE PAJAMA PARADE . . . . .                                                     | 70  |
| MARION—MAID OF MOODS. Marion Davies . . . . .                          | 34 | IN NEW YORK. By Anne Bye . . . . .                                              | 72  |
| MERNA KENNEDY — A Portrait . . . . .                                   | 36 | THE EYES HAVE IT! Screenland's Beauty Department. By Anne Van Alstyne . . . . . | 74  |
| GLENN TRYON — A Portrait . . . . .                                     | 37 | DOES HOLLYWOOD SET THE STYLES? By Adrian                                        | 76  |
| JOAN CRAWFORD — A Portrait . . . . .                                   | 38 | HELLO, HOLLYWOOD! James Gleason. By Nancy Smith . . . . .                       | 78  |
| VILMA BANKY — A Portrait . . . . .                                     | 39 | LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES. Screenland's Revuettes                                  | 80  |
| KAY FRANCIS — A Portrait . . . . .                                     | 40 | OH, DADDY! Picture Papas . . . . .                                              | 82  |
| GOHAM'S GIFT TO HOLLYWOOD. Kay Francis. By John Engstead . . . . .     | 41 | HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD. Screenland's News Department . . . . .                      | 84  |
| WILL CHAPLIN CHANGE HIS MIND? . . . . .                                | 42 | THE RISE OF SHARON. Sharon Lynn . . . . .                                       | 90  |
| THE SWEDISH SPHINX SPEAKS! Greta Garbo. By Ralph Wheelwright . . . . . | 44 | LENORE—LOST AND FOUND. Lenore Ulric . . . . .                                   | 91  |
| HOW DOES CUSTARD PIE SOUND? By Peggy Goldberg . . . . .                | 46 | ASK ME. By Miss Vee Dee . . . . .                                               | 92  |
|                                                                        |    | MEET MISS JOHANN! Zita Johann . . . . .                                         | 94  |
|                                                                        |    | AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO OUR READERS . . . . .                                        | 100 |

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# The Whole Show on the Talking, Singing Screen!

With Paramount Short Features of the New Show World you see and hear The Whole Show on the Talking, Singing Screen. And what a show it is! ¶ A Paramount Talking Picture, rounded out with Paramount Sound News, and talking, musical short features. Bringing the biggest stars of The New Show World—stage, screen, music, radio—to you. ¶ Christie Talking Plays featuring outstanding stars of stage and screen. ¶ Paramount Sound News—eyes and ears of a new world. ¶ Paramount Screen Songs—the whole audience sings! ¶ Paramount Talkartoons—humorous novelties—the cartoon figures actually talk! See and hear The Whole Show on the Screen—by Paramount—your guarantee of *quality entertainment* from the first moment to the last!



## PARAMOUNT PICTURES of the NEW SHOW WORLD

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"WELCOME DANGER"\*

MORAN AND MACK in  
"WHY BRING THAT UP"

THE MARX BROTHERS  
in "THE COCOANUTS"  
OSCAR SHAW—MARY EATON

"THE DANCE OF LIFE"  
HAL SKELLY  
NANCY CARROLL

"THE FOUR FEATHERS"

"DR. FU MANCHU"

DENNIS KING in  
"THE VAGABOND KING"

MAURICE CHEVALIER  
in ERNST LUBITSCH'S  
"THE LOVE PARADE"  
and more

\*Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp.  
Paramount Release

"If it's a Paramount Picture  
it's the best show in town"

# Paramount Pictures

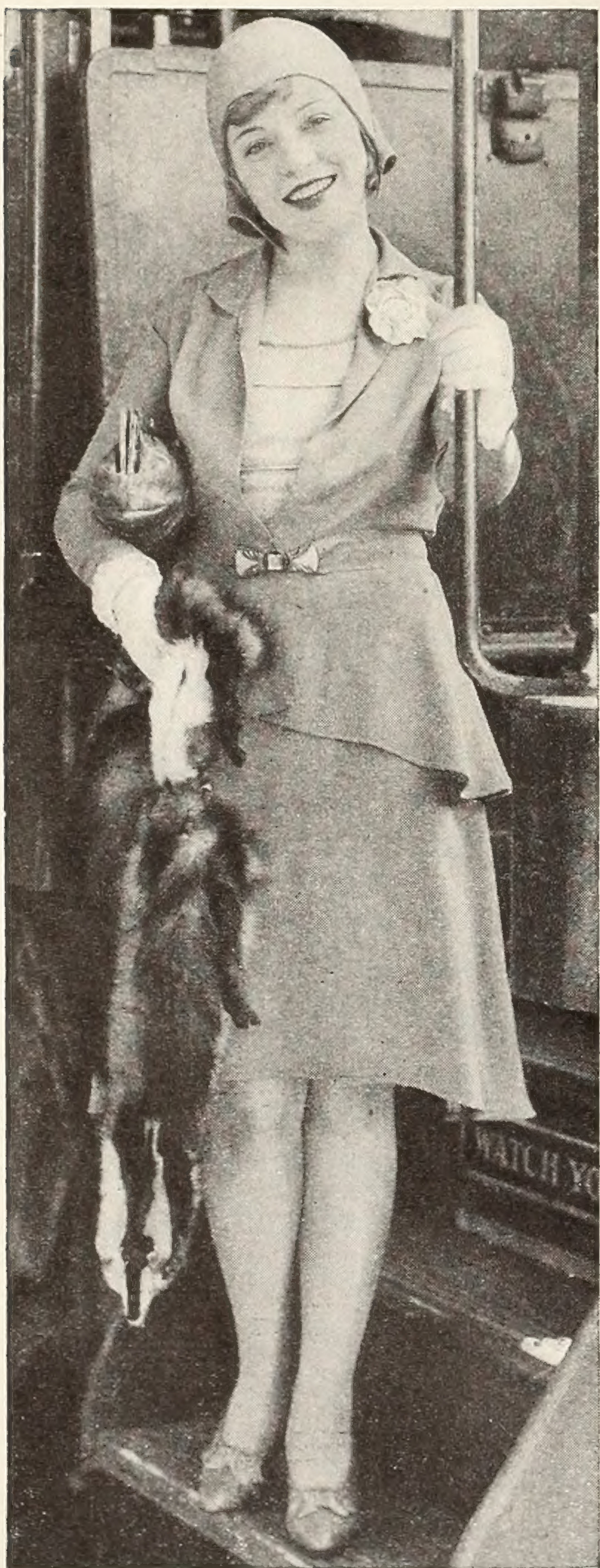
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK



# LOT TALK

## News and Views from the Sound Studios

**A**LAN CROSLAND, who directed "On With the Show," the first all-color, all-talking production for Warner Bros., is an expert on color photography, despite the fact that this film is the first color production over which he presided. A careful study over a period of many months of the color camera makes him one of the few authorities in the picture business on this new and engrossing subject.



☞ Marjorie White, of musical comedy, arrives in Hollywood with a Fox contract and a fox fur. Is there such a thing as fox appeal? (Our error; it's sable!)

"With color photography the latest rage of filmdom, Hollywood studios have run up against an extraordinary situation," he said. "There are but ten cameras in the world capable of producing color. Eight months are required to build a color camera. Even the ordinary motion picture camera is three months in the building. Instead of the one strip of film used in the latter, the technicolor camera operates with two. One is green and one is red. They pass simultaneously before the eye of the camera, each recording the colors to which it is sensitive. In the final process, the two films, are printed on one.

"In the old days bright, harsh colors were attempted and as a result the films were a strain on the eye. Through a long series of experiments, suitable combinations have been evolved until the technicolor process reaches its highly satisfactory state of development in 'On With the Show.' As a general rule, colors with white in them are the most amenable to photography.

"New colors continuously are being added, however. For instance, yellows were seen for the first time on the screen in 'On With the Show.' It had been believed even by the technicolor people themselves that yellows would blur, but their cameraman and mine solved the problem in this picture. The brilliant red of the coats of the chorus in the fox-hunting number also is a new color. Still another is the blue of the sky in the final stage sequence. Never before have you seen real blue on the screen. There have been green blues, but no genuine shades.

"Cameramen worked three days photographing different bolts of colored silks to find out which shade would produce that tint. The expense of photographing a picture such as 'On With the Show' in natural colors runs \$250,000 more than the same film in black and white."

Guests at Hollywood dinner parties order their menu ahead of time. Lo the poor hostess! Few people eat real meals in Hollywood today. All because of the 18-day diet in vogue.

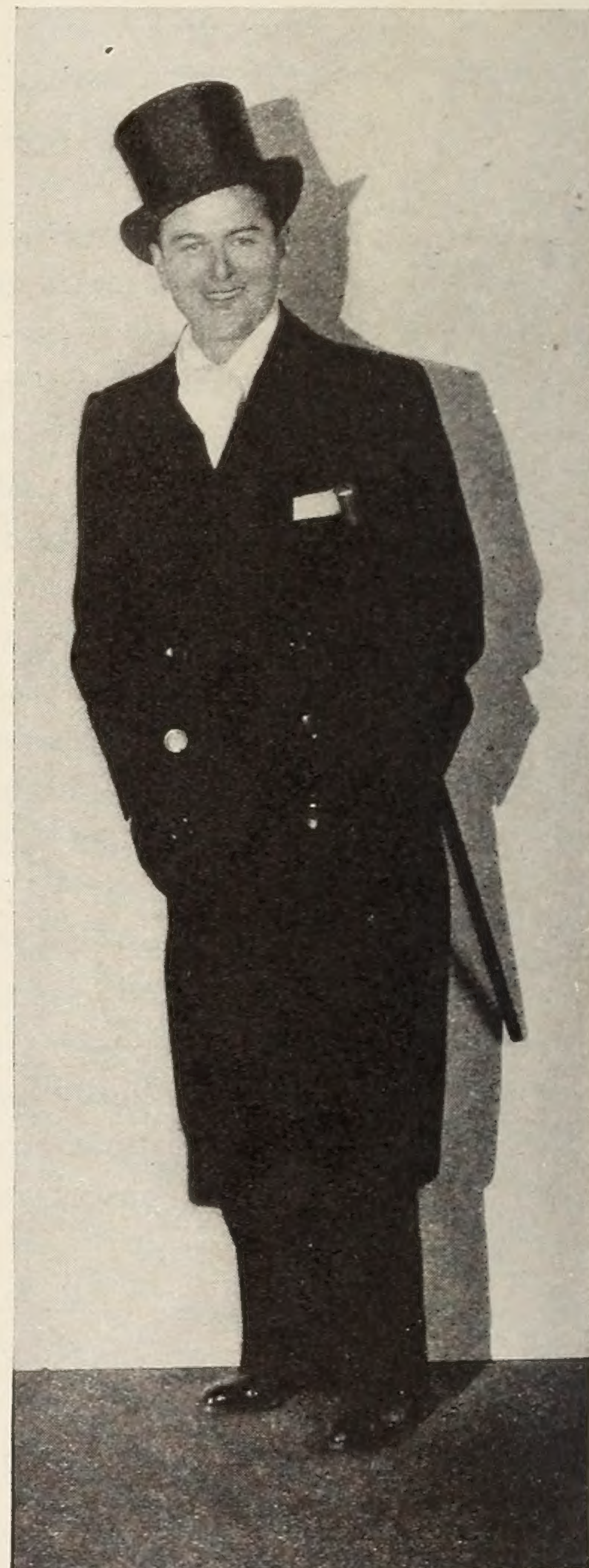
At a dinner party given by Monte Brice eight different meals were served to as many people. Each one was on a different day of the diet. Some had hard-boiled eggs; one fortunate man was on the steak day and carried his half pound of red meat about proudly. Brice was on the lamb chop day, Dorothy Dwan was unfortunate enough to be at the sliced orange and cup of tea stage. Mrs. James Gleason and Robert Armstrong were both at the shrimp cocktail place on the list, and Mildred Webb was eating cold chicken!

The longest perambulator 'shot' in the history of sound motion pictures was filmed for "Taming of the Shrew" which is to bring Mary Pickford and Douglas Fair-

banks to the screen as co-stars.

Through a maze of streets on the huge set, built as an exact reproduction of the fifteenth century Italian city of Padua, the cameras and sound equipment picked a pathway continuously for a distance of more than 500 yards, a record in the making of sound-recorded productions.

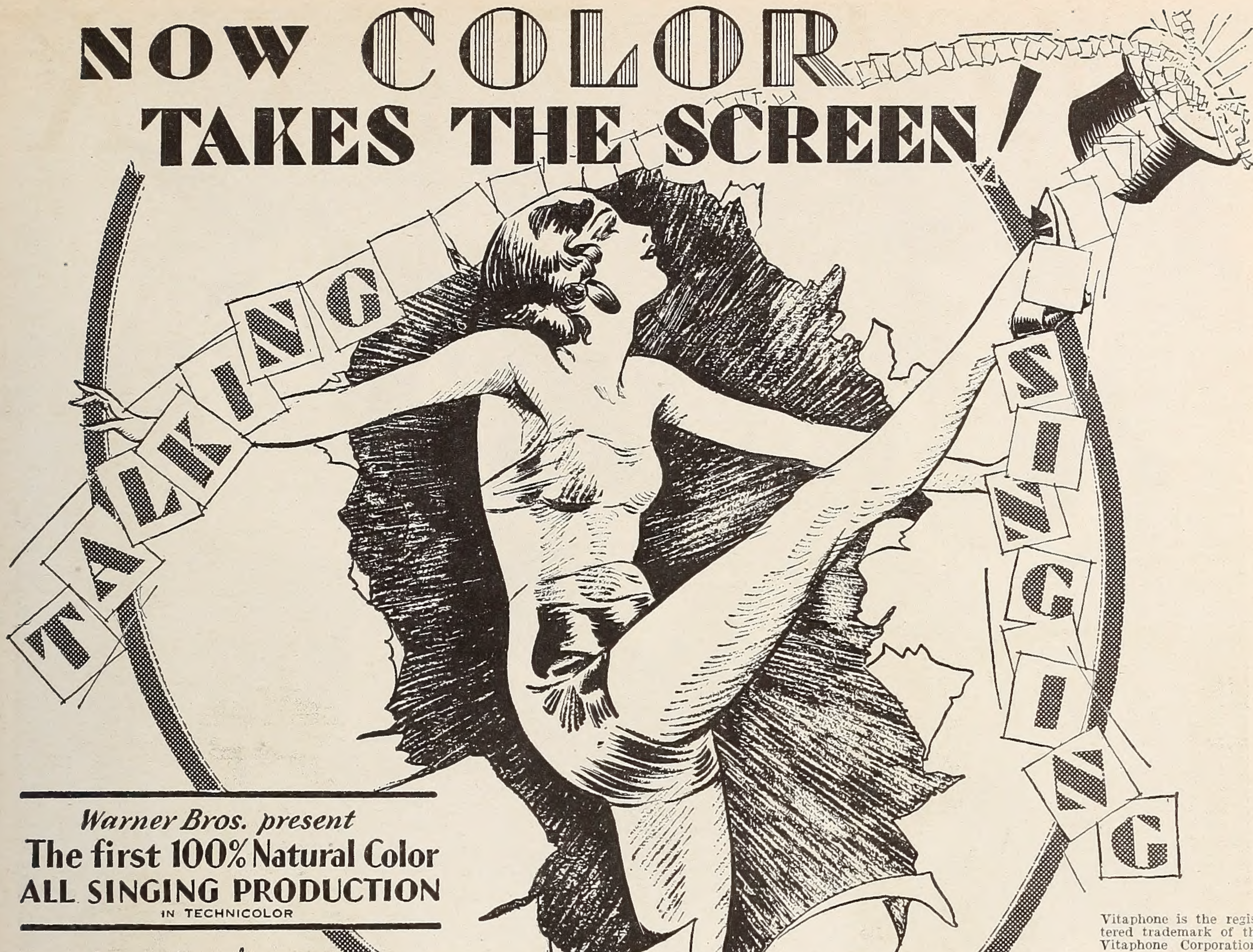
Not a bit of colorful activity on the busy thoroughfares was lost by Director Sam Taylor. The 500 extras, rehearsed for days



☞ Richard Keene isn't high-hatting us, he's just dressed in his best for his part in "Why Leave Home?" Richard is a popular juvenile from Broadway.



# NOW COLOR TAKES THE SCREEN!



Warner Bros. present  
The first 100% Natural Color  
ALL SINGING PRODUCTION  
IN TECHNICOLOR

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## "ON WITH THE SHOW—"



A WARNER BROS. VITAPHONE SINGING PICTURE

IN TECHNICOLOR

Now Warner Bros. pioneer again with another radical development in motion picture production—COLOR! Full colors—natural colors—real colors, reproduced direct from life!

Color breaks the last barrier between you and Broadway at its best. Now the Screen can give you *everything* the Stage can offer—and more...

For at "On With The Show" you can sit "out front" and revel in all the color and rhythm of the spectacular singing and dancing numbers of a Broadway revue—than step behind the curtain to listen in on the strange drama and romance that wings and dressing-rooms hold secret... see heart-break hiding behind hilarity because—"the show must go on!"



A WARNER BROS. VITAPHONE SINGING PICTURE

IN TECHNICOLOR

### A \$2 Broadway Hit Direct to YOU at POPULAR Prices

With 100 per cent Talking and Singing, an all-star cast of 14 famous names, a glorified beauty chorus of 100, and 3 brand-new hit songs—"Am I Blue?", "Let Me Have My Dreams", and "In The Land of Let's Pretend"—"ON WITH THE SHOW" would be superb picture entertainment, even in black and white... But the added thrill of Technicolor makes it an artistic event of commanding importance in entertainment history. Make—or break—a date to see it!

You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures.





☞ A screen villain in the bosom of his family. Reading from left to right: Mrs. Morris, Mr. William Morris, Adrian, Wilhelmina and Chester Morris himself.

in their respective bits of 'business,' portrayed a range of characters from nobles to peasants. The recording instruments picked up every noise from the chatter of housewives to the cackling of geese.

The opening scenes of the "Taming of the Shrew" also saw the introduction of a unique signal system designed by Assistant Director 'Lucky' Humberstone which was used in directing and controlling the group of players who formed the background action. Microphones and amplifiers, of course, were out of the question in the filming of a sound production, so Humberstone was forced to fall back upon a combination electric flasher semaphore system handled by a corps of men which gave the players their cues.

With production on "Taming of the Shrew" now under way, Director Taylor estimates that at least seven weeks will be consumed in its filming. Those who have important rôles in support of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in the all-talking picture are Dorothy Jordan, Clyde Cook, Edwin Maxwell, Joseph Cawthorn and Geoffrey Wardwell.

The most valuable piece of furniture that has ever been used in a Billie Dove picture is on the set of "Her Private Life" at the First National-Vitaphone Studios in Burbank.

It is a teakwood desk, formerly owned

by the late Czar of Russia and presented to him by King Edward of England. The desk was purchased in Europe recently by a Hollywood collector, and is valued at more than \$10,000. It was built to order for the king, and is the only desk of the kind in the world. Constructed of teakwood, with intricate brass inlays, it has small porcelain plaques showing the coats of arms of the various reigning houses in Europe, and the members of the various noble families.

Because of its value, the desk was guarded day and night by special watchmen. It was rented for the picture, and its debut before the cameras cost First National a tidy sum.

Struck by a midnight cloudburst the African camp of the "Trader Horn" motion picture expedition was washed away and about ten thousand dollars' worth of personal equipment lost, according to word received by cable from Butiaba in the Uganda Protectorate.

Director W. S. VanDyke, caught in a swirl of water was carried bodily to the edge of the river—the Victoria Nile, where he was saved by being wedged in a group of three stumps at the water's edge.

Thirty-five white persons and about a hundred natives were in the camp, which had been established about sixty miles up the Victoria Nile near Murchison Falls. All were rendered temporarily helpless when

the deluge swept away tent supplies and foodstuffs and leveled the radio set that had been erected outside the camp. Harry Carey, who has the part of *Trader Horn* in the picture, lost his entire wardrobe and all of his personal belongings.

The loss of supplies, including films and cameras, will delay the company about two weeks, it is estimated, until more are brought forward from base headquarters in Nairobi.

\* \* \*

The most unpopular woman in Hollywood, at least among the fair inhabitants of the screen colony who are trying to keep their weight down to certain proportions, is 'Cupid' Ainsworth, the two hundred-fifty-pound vaudevillian who has arrived at cinematic headquarters. 'Cupid' also has a figure to maintain but the treatment it demands is different from that of her more sylph-like sisters. When she lunches at the Montmartre Miss Ainsworth demands plenty of butter, the richest salad-dressing in the place, oodles of whipped cream and the biggest piece of chocolate cake she can wheedle out of the waiter. Small wonder, cry the girls who sit at neighboring tables nibbling on a lettuce leaf and sipping unsweetened tea, that they hate Cupid bitterly. Their lot is hard enough, they declare, without the torture of watching Cupid's very evident enjoyment of her feast. The hefty young comedienne will first be seen in "Big News," a Pathé picture.



# ALL THE BRIGHTEST LIGHTS OF BROADWAY MERGED IN ONE!

INCANDESCENT with "IT"... One million watts of what millions have come miles to see... Every film-foot flaming with the Spirit of 46—and Broadway... NO WONDER "BROADWAY BABIES" HAS MADE THE MAIN STEM JEALOUS!

All Broadway's best stuff stolen for the Talking Screen. The Street of Streets transferred to celluloid and Vitaphone as it's never been before! Girls and guns and glare and glamor... Honest-to-Ziegfeld songs and dances and stunning stage effects... Then back to the dressing-rooms of glorified beauties—off to their parties after the show.

Wait for "Broadway Babies" before you decide how perfectly the screen can mirror the wonders of world-famed revues. Tell the folks right now that the night "Broadway Babies" comes to town is going to be your night out!

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"Authentic"—"moving"—  
"beautiful"—"stirring"—  
"sure-fire"—"will show the  
way to high-priced stage  
musical comedies"—said  
New York newspaper  
critics.



The success of the season in  
New York at \$2.00 per seat!  
Stunning dancing chorus  
and great comedy cast.  
Directed by Mervyn Leroy.  
Presented by Richard A.  
Rouland.



Introduces 3 new song-hits  
"Broadway Baby Dolls,"  
"Wishing and Waiting For  
Love," and "Jig, Jig,  
Jigaloo." "They will be  
hummed and played in every  
household all summer."  
—N. Y. Journal

ALICE WHITE in  
"BROADWAY BABIES"  
100% TALKING, SINGING, DANCING







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*Yet easy to remove*

**KATHERINE MACDONALD'S** Lash Cosmetic is the one that removes quickly and cleanly. Yet you may swim, dance or what you will, and it is absolutely waterproof. Liquid. Easy to apply.

Katherine Mac Donald's Lash Cosmetic makes eyelashes seem long and luxuriant and enhances the charm and sparkle of your beauty...but absolutely without artificiality.



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**LASH COSMETIC**  
(WATERPROOF)

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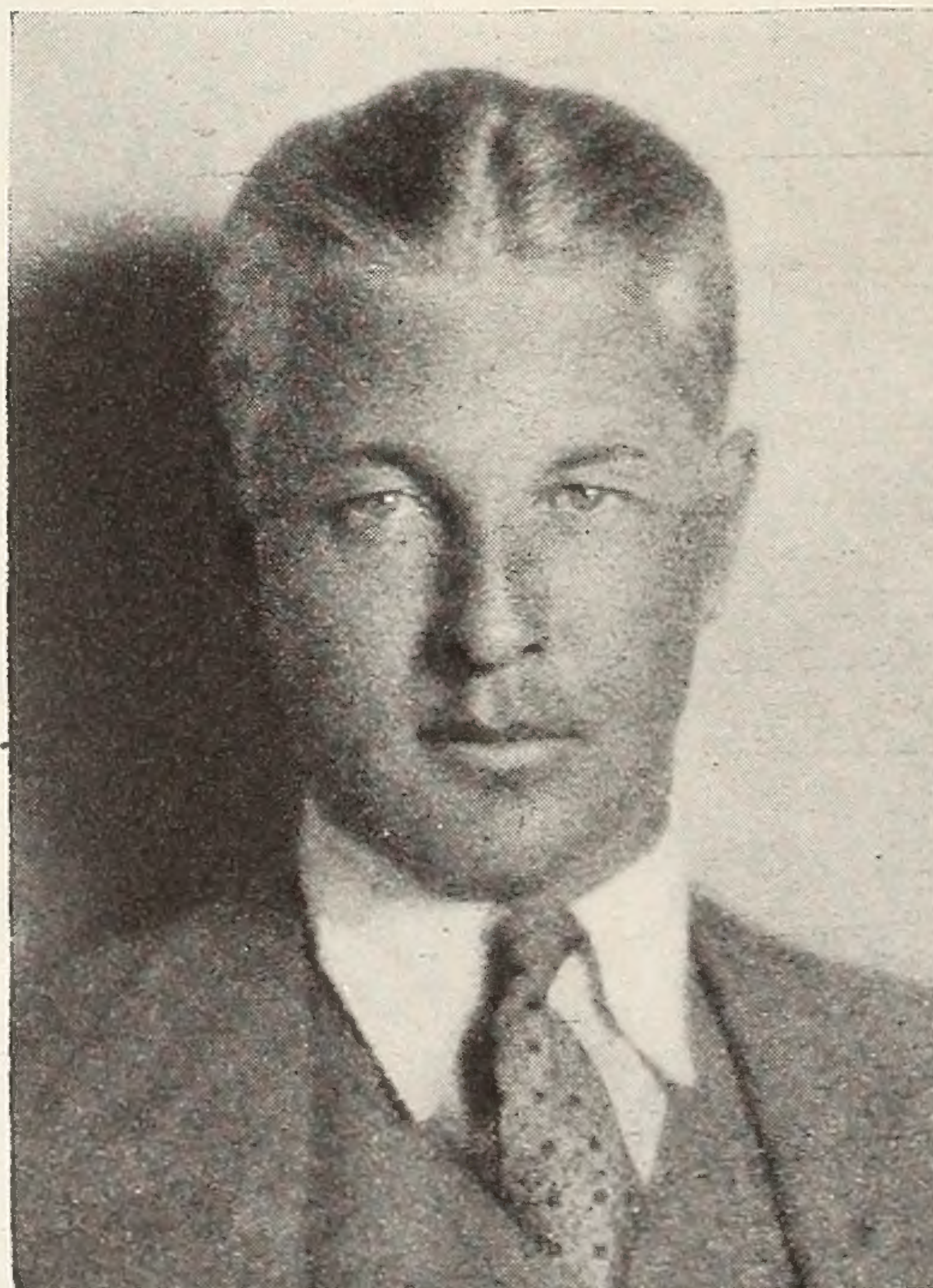
By Evelyn Ballarine

Through her trusty telescope she watches all the activities of stars and studios.

THERE seems to be a trend toward pictures with a newspaper background. Pathé started it with "The Office Scandal" with Phyllis Haver. Paramount gave us "Gentlemen of the Press" and First National followed up with "Drag" with Richard Barthelmess. Metro-Goldwyn is preparing "Tabloid." Howard Hughes, young millionaire producer, has purchased the movie rights to "The Front Page." I don't know when this will be along since "Hell's Angels," which he started two years ago is still in the making. Meanwhile Pathé is coming through with "Big News," featuring Carol Lombard and Robert Armstrong.

A few thousand girls will soon 'go gob. And four good good reasons! Billy Haines is going to be a tar in "The Gob." Jack Gilbert will star in "Way of a Sailor." Allan Hale is making "Sailors' Holiday." George O'Brien just completed a rôle as a 'middie' in "Salute." Heigh, Navy!

Was it Colonel Lindbergh or Rudy Vallee who started the vogue for blond heroes? Anyway, what I'm getting at is that J. Harold Murray, of the stage, is blond, handsome, and then some! He has been signed by Fox Films. You will see him in "Married in Hollywood" with Norma Terris. Don't take the title too seriously, girls—Mr. Murray is a bachelor.



J. Harold Murray comes from the stage equipped with voice and versatility.



Charlotte Henry, a favorite child of Broadway, is now a talkie bet.



**The Treat of Treats in MUSIC - BEAUTY - DRAMA**

# RADIO PICTURES

**PRESENTS**

**FLORENZ ZIEGFELD'S**

Outstanding Success

**VINCENT YOUUMAN'S**

Nautical Musical Comedy

# "RIO



Glorifier of beauty... king of extravaganzas... whose radiant success, "Rio Rita" has now been glorified for the screen by Radio Pictures.

# RITA"

Featuring Bebe Daniels as "Rio Rita," Dorothy Lee, as "Dolly,"... John Boles, as Jim, the Ranger Captain... and Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Produced in the original settings of the play with exquisite color sequences... gorgeous costumes... "Rio Rita's" scintillating music, and new interpolated numbers.

# "HIT the



Master of melody... monarch of comedy... producer of "Hit the Deck," the charm and glamor of which have been translated to the screen by Radio Pictures.

The play that gave the public "Hallelujah" and "Sometimes I'm Happy."

A lavish Radio Pictures' musical extravaganza, in which flashes of sheer humor mingle with stirring drama. Glamorous scenes of Chinese revolution. Swinging choruses of gorgeous girls and gallant gobs. The rattle of distant gun-fire blends with lilting melodies.

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**"Radio Revels of 1929"**—The first annual screen review released by Radio Pictures... A song and musical spectacle comparable to anything on stage or screen.

**"Street Girl"**—Aneye-filling, heart-stirring musical drama. Cast includes Betty Compson, Gus Arnheim's Cocoanut Grove Band, Jack Oakie, Joseph Cawthorne.

**"The Vagabond Lover"**—Starring the inimitable Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees... A romantic musical comedy, full of color and action.

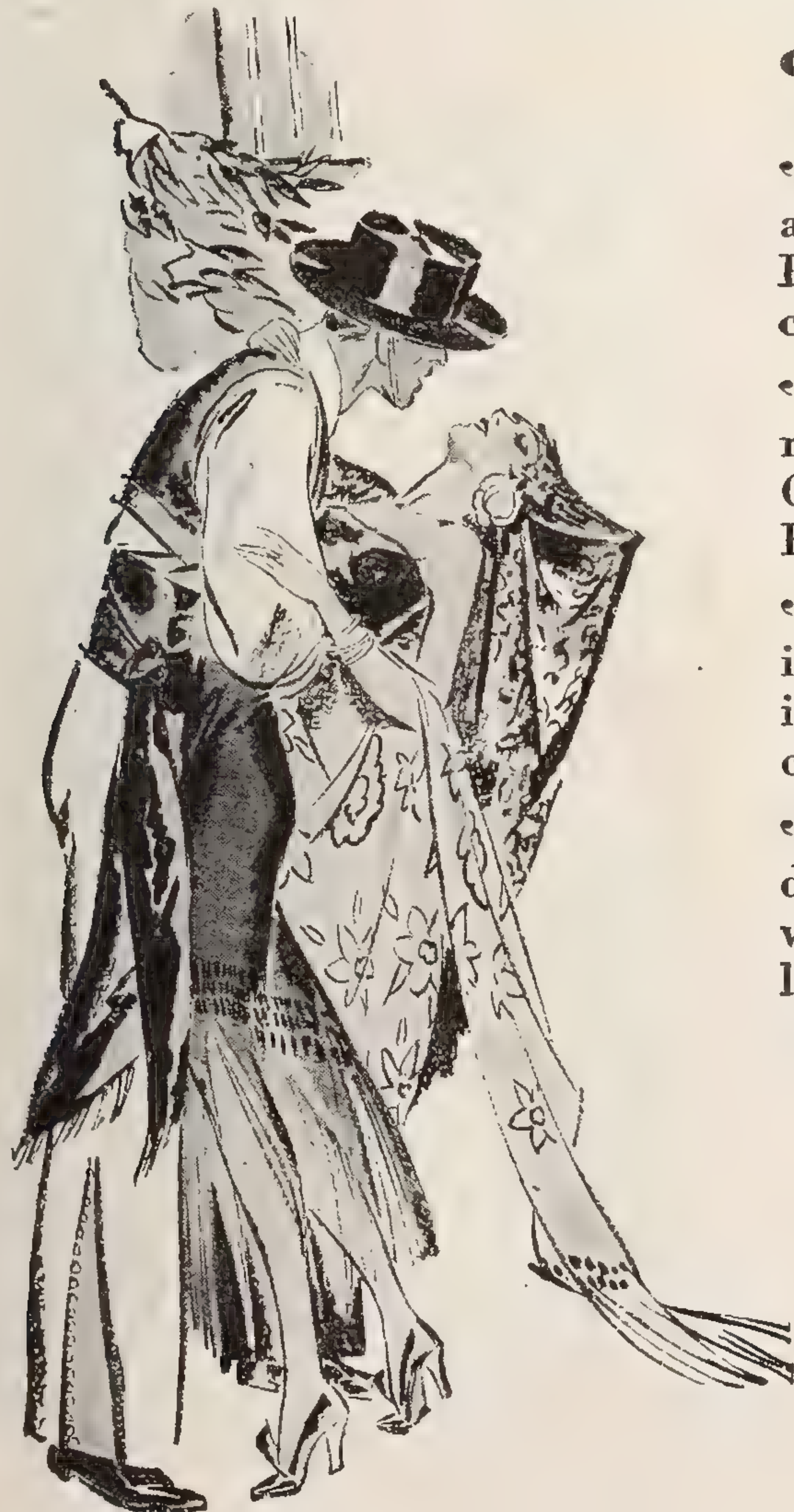
**"High River"**—A Herbert Brenon production... A majestic story of conflicting wills and passions in the river-threatened levee country of the Mississippi.

**RKO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION**  
A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America



THE  
GOLDEN VOICE

OF THE  
SILVER SCREEN



**For pictures that forecast the screen of tomorrow—see Radio Pictures of today**





☞ Two straws and a soda! Eddie Quillan's financial resources must be low or maybe it's a collegiate custom. Eddie plays with Jeanette Loff in "The Sophomore."

We probably won't lose Ramon Novarro after all. He threatened to desert the movies for the concert stage but the talkies will give him plenty of opportunity to use his nice voice. "A Singer of Seville" is his next. A Spanish romance and Ramon—what a devastating combination!

Sally O'Neil and her sister, Molly O'Day, have been signed by Columbia Pictures for "Sisters." Naturally they will play sisters in the picture which shouldn't be at all hard for them or on us. Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, are making "A Woman Afraid" for Pathé. Tom, Owen and Matt Moore are playing brothers in "Side Street." Dolores and Helene Costello are to do a sister act in Warners' "The Show of Shows." Not forgetting Mary and Doug Fairbanks in "The Taming of the Shrew." Mervyn Le Roy is directing his wife, Edna Murphy, for the first time in "Little Johnny Jones." Then there are the Four Marx Brothers but that would only be news if they weren't playing together.

Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount will be "The Love Doctor." This film will probably cause the rise of Dick's stock and feminine temperature. Dix has been signed to a long-term contract by Radio Pictures.

Warner Brothers are planning "The Show of Shows," a big revue with sound and color and many stars doing special numbers. John Barrymore will do a sketch from "Richard the Third." Al Jolson, Charlotte Greenwood, Ted Lewis, Dolores and Helene Costello, Irene Bordoni, Winnie Lightner and Monte Blue are scheduled to do their stuff. With that line-up it will probably be the talk of the talkies!

Robert Armstrong and James Gleason are to be co-starred in a picture called "Oh Yeah!" Yes, zat's so! And so's Zazu Pitts in it.

Lupe Velez is making "Tiger Rose." It's the same picture that Lenore Ulric made in pre-talkie days.

Harold 'Red' Grange, the galloping ghost of football, and George Lewis, star of "The Collegian" series, will be co-starred in "The Varsity Show." This will, of course, in-

clude a thrilling football game, as well as other activities of college life. It will be Grange's first talkie.

Since Evelyn Brent has been made a star she is stepping out in "Fast Company" with Jack Oakie, 'Skeets' Gallagher and Chester Conklin for talkie reasons, of course.

Little Sally Blane, a very modern young lady, is making "Tanned Legs." This film should be made in color to make the title authentic. Don't know much about this picture but it sounds promising.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are blossoming out as musical comedy stars in "Sunny Side Up." Both Janet and Charles are said to possess very fine singing voices. The talkies are revealing a lot of heretofore unknown accomplishments among our former silent stars.

Tiffany Stahl has acquired the talkie rights of "Journey's End," a war play, which is the sensation of New York and London. To our mind, the most sensational thing about it is that there are no women in the play.

Charlotte Henry made a hit in "Courage," the stage play on Broadway, and on the strength of her success signed a talking picture contract. Prepare to surrender to her youthful charm.

Leila Karnelly is another newcomer. She's Russian and Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen will probably be rushing her in the interests of "The Cock Eyed World."

Rod La Rocque's first talkie will be a sea story called "The Delightful Rogue." Incidentally this will also be the debut of the sea in sound. A swash-buckling pirate, the distressed heroine at sea and the sound and fury of the ocean's storm are all part of the plot. Sounds exciting already.

The 'Our Gang' talking comedies are a huge success. Robert McGowan, director of the gang, believes in giving each of the kids a chance for a star part in these comedies. Farina gets his turn next in "Lazy Days." As a lazy colored child, Farina furnishes most of the fun of this comedy.

When Al Jolson isn't working on the

stage or before the camera he manages to keep active writing theme songs. He wrote *Evangeline* for Dolores Del Rio's picture, "Evangeline," and the theme song for Norma Talmadge's first talkie, "Tin Pan Alley," called *A Year From Today*. Al seems to be a master of all trades.

Clive Brook is going to give us his interpretation of that famous detective, "Sherlock Holmes." Raymond Hatton, back on the Paramount lot for the first time since his co-starring days with Wallace Beery, will probably play Watson. This will be the third time the characters of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have been revived for films. This revision will be in sound, of course.

"Kibitzer," Paramount's all-talking comedy drama based upon the Broadway stage play, has Harry Green, who was so swell in "Close Harmony," in the title rôle. Mary Brian and Neil Hamilton supply the love interest.

George Bancroft will have two blonde ladies in his next, "The Mighty." Esther Ralston will 'get her man' and Dorothy Revier will be the 'menace.'

It's all off between Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, cinematically speaking. And it's official this time! Dorothy is going her way and Jack is going to co-star with Lois Wilson in the future. "The Great Divide" with Ian Keith is Dorothy's next and Jack Mulhall and Lois Wilson are making "In the Next Room."

Marian Nixon knows what it means to be a favorite of the 'mike.' Marian is kept busier than a swarm of bees. She steps from one studio to another. It's all very nice—in a way—but it sort of cramps ones style when one is trying to find time to go on a honeymoon. Yes, Marian is engaged! Edward Hillman, Jr., he's not in pictures, is the lucky man. Miss Nixon has just completed "General Crack."



☞ George Jessel arrives in Hollywood with his props for his next talkie, "The Hurdy Gurdy Man."





☞ Elsa Ersi just completed a rôle in "The Royal Box," an all-German talkie, with Moissi and Camilla Horn.

Paramount has signed Fay Wray on a long-term contract because of her fine performance in "Thunderbolt." She is now rehearsing for "Behind the Makeup," with Hal Skelly, of the stage. Then she is to be co-featured with Richard Arlen in "The Lost God."

Musical comedies seem to be the most popular talkies. Universal bought "Hold Everything" and "Here's How" for Merna Kennedy and Glenn Tryon. Radio Pictures are producing "Hit the Deck."

Ronald Colman is working on "Condemned to Devil's Island," with Mary Duncan, borrowed from Fox, for the feminine lead.

Monte Blue is back in the South Seas again. This time he is a beach comber in "The Isle of Escape." Myrna Loy supplies the South Sea sex-appeal.

Helen Kane and her baby-talk blues voice are in Hollywood and all set to begin work in "Sweetie" with Nancy Carroll.

Bessie Love and Charles King are to be featured in another back-stage-life talkie called "Road Show." Colleen Moore's new talkie, "Footlights and Fools," is also of back-stage atmosphere. Lee Tracy, of the stage, is working on "Big Time." This is a tale of vaudeville doings. Stepin Fetchit, the colored Fox contract player, will contribute his clever comedy to this picture.

Fox Films are using the world as their studio. The locale of John McCormack's first talkie is Ireland. "The Cisco Kid" with Warner Baxter is to be filmed in Mexico. Will Rogers' forthcoming film, "They Had to See Paris," has France for a background. The cast of "The Girl From Havana" have just returned from the West Indies. "The Sky Hawk" will have sequences to be made in London. So if you want to see the world—go to the movies!

Universal Pictures has acquired the screen rights to "All Quiet on the Western Front," the sensational war novel written by a German soldier, Erich Maria Remarque. Maxwell Anderson, co-author of "What Price Glory?" is to adapt it for the screen and prepare the dialog. And now prepare yourself for some gripping entertainment!

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# CONFESSIONS of the FANS

*This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the screen and its stars. Beginning next month, we will discontinue the use of readers' photographs, offering instead \$50.00 in prizes for the best letters: first prize, \$20.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00; fourth prize, \$5.00. The next best letters will be printed by way of honorable mention. This prize offer will be in effect in the October issue of SCREENLAND and every issue thereafter. Letters must not exceed 200 words in length. Sign your full name and address, please!*

THE EDITOR

## The Play is the Thing



DEAR EDITOR:

What slays me is this business of movie fans allowing their favorites' social life to enter into their screen work! I have heard at least five different girls, at different times, say: "I adored Gary Cooper—until he started to go around with Lupe Velez."

Just why do we do it? Why do young girls prefer their movie heroes unmarried, and as free from real romance as possible? Is it because, when we're sixteen, we have nothing but dreams and ideals, and usually actors are our make-believe heroes? I blushing remember feeling terribly disappointed when I heard a certain star was in love with a certain foreign actress.

Now that I'm no longer sixteen, it seems foolish to worry about an actor's private life. It is the play, and the actor, that interest me—not the man!

Sincerely yours,

Barbara Rowe,  
5639 Goodfellow Ave.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

## He Met Dolores Del Rio!



DEAR EDITOR:

You Americans are fortunate in having the stars in your country. They are always making personal appearances in your towns. In Belgium we never have such opportunities so you can imagine how thrilled I was

when Dolores Del Rio put in her appearance.

I went to the station to see her arrive as did many others. Her winsome smile and sparkling eyes were enough to make any mortal lose his head. I went over to her and expressed my great admiration for her and her picture work. She answered me in a few delicious words which I shall never forget. Being a Mexican myself, I asked her whether she knew my family in Mexico. I felt that the gates of heaven were opening when she replied that she did!

Later I went to her hotel and talked with Miss Del Rio and her mother. They were very kind to me and Dolores gave me an autographed photograph in remembrance.

I sent her a drawing of herself and she thanked and congratulated me for it.

My impression of Dolores Del Rio is that she is more beautiful off the screen than on. I shall never forget her. She will always be my favorite actress.

Sincerely,

José Manero,  
34 Rue Du Siege,  
Antwerp, Belgium.

## For Chatter and Chatterton



DEAR EDITOR:

Ruth Chatterton, blue-eyed, fair-haired child of the theater has gone 'movie' with glamorous results! She has slipped into starland without fan-fare of trumpets and has become over-night Hollywood's 'Q. O. P.' (Queen of Pathos.)

My memory goes back to her as a cute little girl on the stage in Boston. I laughed with her that day as only one little girl knows how to laugh with another. Moons have waxed and waned and the cute little girl has turned into a charming young woman with a delightful voice and an ingratiating personality.

Those who are in love with the 'one and only' man in the world will appreciate the heart-break in Ruth Chatterton's voice in "The Doctor's Secret." It is unforgettable!

Scornfully I had viewed talkies, hating them bitterly. But I hadn't heard Ruth Chatterton's gorgeous voice!

When in mimosa-scented Hollywood bigger and better pictures are made Ruth Chatterton will make them! But how anything could be better than her artistry in "The Doctor's Secret" is a mystery to me! I'm not from Missouri, but I have to be shown!

Greetings and kindest wishes, Miss Chatterton. We learned about genius from you!

Sincerely,  
Adele Louise Simonds,  
P. O. Box 1232,  
Hollywood, California.

## He Doesn't Like Talkies!



DEAR EDITOR:

May I enter my protest against the talking motion pictures? Thanks!

I am not old fashioned, prosaic, or biased, but frankly I do not like talkies. What a disappointment to hear some of our heroes and heroines break in with some untimed, commonplace remark in a tender love scene!

The cinema must portray the romantic, the ideal. We have enough of the matter-of-fact and the practical in our mundane lives. There is beauty and sentiment in silent pictures. To me, the talkies are a cheap and unfavorable substitute for the speaking stage.

To quote Mr. Emerson: "Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat." There is beauty and beauty. Certainly there are fewer beautiful voices than faces! So let us have none of this 'babel' in our photoplays; or





**Carl Laemmle**  
*presents*

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**Y**OU'LL see things you never saw before in "Broadway." You'll be plunged deep into the blazing heart of New York's mad night life! You'll see people you wouldn't believe existed doing things you wouldn't believe possible! You'll hear songs you'll never forget—songs like "Hittin' The Ceiling," "Sing a Little Love Song," and others! You'll be amazed at the biggest set ever built, as you're entertained by the most extravagant girlie revue numbers ever staged! You'll be charmed and thrilled by the color scenes in Technicolor.

As a stage play "Broadway" was the outstanding success of two seasons; as a talking picture it swept blasé New York off its feet when it ran at the Globe Theatre at \$2.00. Now you can see it at your favorite theatre exactly as shown on Broadway.

The cast includes Glenn Tryon, Evelyn Brent, Merna Kennedy, Otis Harlan, Robert Ellis; two members of the original stage cast—Thomas E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi, and many others.

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With the original play dialog from the Jed Harris stage success by Philip Dunning and George Abbott.

## SHOW BOAT

**"S**HOW BOAT" keeps rolling up new records everywhere. It is truly a talking and singing triumph. The receipts at box offices in every part of the world are almost unbelievable. Never was there a picture with such Universal appeal for grown folks and youngsters of every nationality. You simply **MUST** see "Show Boat."

The cast includes Laura La Plante, as "Magnolia"; Joseph Schildkraut, as "Ravenal"; Otis Harlan, Alma Rubens, Emily Fitzroy, Jane La Verne. Music from the Florenz Ziegfeld stage production of EDNA FERBER'S great novel, with the singing hits of Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe and Aunt Jemima.

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if it must come, why not a process of selection and elimination?

Why must we poor fans be subjected to such torture and discomfiture when we seek an hour of rest, art and beauty?

So much for the talkie farce!

Where are some of the beautiful faces we used to watch? Our 'souvenirs' may include memories of such talented persons as Olga Petrova, Louise Glaum, Barbara La Marr, Kitty Gordon, Carlyle Blackwell, Bessie Barriscale and Nazimova. I would welcome interviews and pictures of these old favorites.

Of the present-day stars I enjoy Greta Garbo, Lily Damita, Nils Asther, Gary Cooper, Gilbert Roland and Jack Gilbert.

It is sad that we have lost the glorious, glamorous Negri. And what's happened to Ricardo Cortez?

I'm a Garbo fan from start to finish. I consider the Garbo-Asther combination the greatest duo in the history of the movies, even eclipsing the Garbo-Gilbert team.

Sincerely,

Gerald Rhines,  
Oil City, Pennsylvania,  
(South Side.)

### Seeing Stars



DEAR EDITOR:

Some people get all the breaks! However, I am not one of them—in spite of my being Irish. I have gotten so close to elbowing stars, but—no closer. Let my friends and family take the bows!

My sister-in-law's college boy friends from the University of California met Joan and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., coming up on the train. They unanimously agree that Joan is nothing short of an optical knock-out and that Doug Jr. is a nice kid. And—that the two are madly in love with each other!

A nautical but nice friend, who has appeared in several naval pictures, was stationed at Camp Lewis, when Richard Barthelmess was making the "Patent Leather Kid." He deplored the fact that 'our Dick' of necessity used a double for the more dangerous scenes, but said that Barthelmess was a good scout and a real actor.

The boy-next-door, who dances professionally, met Bebe Daniels while he was an extra in "The Crowd," King Vidor's production. Bebe was working on "Senorita" with James Hall. She is not only pretty but clever—and listen, my star-struck children who have a goodly space reserved for him in the cardiac region—James is amiable and natural and not one bit upstage.

The first time the mater, one of the few residents of L. A. who did not sell real estate, ever saw Miss Daniels, Bebe was powdering her nose publicly—and in those days public nose-dabbing was to be frowned upon. But Mom decided that Bebe was nice enough to trespass upon etiquette.

The maternal parent used to act as big menu and calory woman at the Beverly Hill Hotel. In the course of her daily hoofing from table to table she met many of the silversheet's stars—people for which we'd cheerfully give the gold-mining rights

to our back teeth to the nearest pawnshop to see—but she wasn't properly thrilled. She usually served Elliott Dexter in his room. Of all the male notables she met he was the most charming and gracious. Jack Pickford and Tom Moore were two of her steady customers—pleasant chaps both of them.

Mom was strolling one day when she saw Douglas Fairbanks hop over the cow catcher of a streetcar and a few other things by the way of morning exercise while Mary Pickford remonstrated gently. True to type.

Six years ago my one and only sister was fresh from the portals of high school and was drawing what she considered an immense salary. Kenneth Harlan dropped into town unexpectedly and announced that he was looking for a girl to act as both secretary and extra. He spent so much time trying to convince my sister that she was just the girl he wanted that he missed his train. I know you won't believe this because it is the fashion to believe that stars are temperamental and fussy creatures, but he didn't even show annoyance at her renunciation of art as he had a right to do. But he did show his disappointment.

Jeanette Loff was a back-door neighbor of Mom's for several years outside of the city proper in a little locality called Roseway. One Hallowe'en Jeanette was sadly in need of a large rose ribbon to wear in her hair as a part of her party costume, so she ran over to Mom's for one. That ribbon, since her rise to fame, has since been used as an embellishment on a boudoir pillow—and my sister-in-law is the proud possessor of what we refer to as the 'Loff pillow.'

Jeanette has blue, blue eyes and golden blonde hair and is small and sylph-like. But in spite of her loveliness she has no conceit and her feet are planted squarely on the ground.

A theatrical girl friend had the honor of being introduced to Eugene O'Brien and Virginia Valli when they filmed a picture here several years past. S'easy if your uncle's a film executive. They were most gracious about autographing her memory book. She's quite ambitious. She numbers among her autographs that of Anna Pavlova.

While another acquaintance was bemoaning the fact that she was financially unable to attend the theater to see Sally O'Neil in person—this winter—Molly O'Day and Sally herself passed by so closely that she could have touched them had she reached out her little finger. The two were dressed in swagger fur coats which only emphasized their Irish charm.

Not long ago in San Francisco, her sea-going musician brother had the pleasure of meeting Sally—and she gave him a personal snap of herself and autographed it, to boot! Her family must have been born under a lucky star—the whole tribe of them. Her other brother is the one who met Bebe Daniels and James Hall. And her family used to flock to see William Powell when he played stock in the City of Roses.

The train pulled into a small and sleepy hamlet one drowsy afternoon. A fairly tall and good-looking chap in a dark way, disembarked, got out his camera and started taking pictures of the town—or lack of it. A press agent fluttered nervously into the station restaurant. "Know who's outside?" he asked the mater. To her "no" the p. a., who proved later to be George Ullman, replied: "Rudolph Valentino!" At that the entire force made for the great out-of-doors.

Mom, who had met Valentino through

one of the large theater owners of L. A., had not seen him since his marriage to Natacha Rambova, but he spoke to her as if he had seen her only yesterday.

Buddy Rogers, girlish America's secret sorrow, used to attend the University of Kansas with a couple of musician friends of the girl who met Sally and Molly on the main drag one evening. The three youths renewed old acquaintances just recently while making "Close Harmony."

Buddy and I have one thing in common—we were both born in the Sunflower State.

Most sincerely,

Marjorie Pangborn,  
720 East Morrison St.,  
Portland, Oregon.

### A Stroll On Hollywood Boulevard



DEAR EDITOR:

I live right in the midst of Hollywood, am a senior at Hollywood High School, and have been to most of the prominent places of Hollywood including Henry's, Roosevelt Hotel, Coconut Grove and the Chinese, Carthay Circle, and Warner Bros. Theaters. I also have been through two studios. Often times after school as I walk down the boulevard I say to myself, "Do you realize you are walking down the most famous boulevard in the world?"

Of course it is the most famous boulevard when such things as this happen: Seeing Neil Hamilton in a tailor's shop. Clara Bow making scenes for "Ladies of the Mob." (I'll have to omit I ditched fifth period to watch her!) Gertrude Olmsted trying on a hat in Bess Schlanks. Adolphe Menjou waiting outside the same store for Mrs. Menjou. Also another big event was the appearance of Mary Pickford at our school. She showed us some of her old pictures including "Lena and the Geese," "New York Hat," and a reel from her latest, "Coquette." She was a very different Mary than we expected, dressed in a tan sports frock and bobbed hair, but we loved her as well that way as with curls.

Sincerely,

Mary Sheahan,  
4610 Hollywood Blvd.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

### Lois Moran's Career



DEAR EDITOR:

I do not think a word or two to the fans about Miss Moran will be amiss. Her sweet simplicity blends into one of the most charmingly beautiful personalities I've ever been privileged to meet. I've followed the career of Lois Moran, from her very first entrance into the Land of Pictures.



Since her first rôle in "Stella Dallas" which introduced her to the world as a promising actress Lois has had very few rôles that have been worthy of her talents, and yet she has given us every enthusiasm, and every effort for her very best. She has not fallen down, so to speak, in a single part entrusted to her interpretation.

Lately, after coming out in a few 'different' roles under the Fox banner, Lois is showing us what she is capable of doing. In "True Heaven" bits of a genuine actress were given to us. She was superlatively emotional. Given the proper chance in her field Lois Moran is going to surprise all of us. Right now, she's beautiful. Life has not left its mark on her as yet; she is like the exquisite rosebud, crying to be picked from its bush, and sent upon its mission in the world.

Two years have affected a most remarkable change in Lois. One watches her talents unfold, as each new picture is released. I warn you all to watch for her first 100% talkie picture and see if I'm not correct. I predict that this first 100% talkie Lois does is going to shine as one of the pictures of the year! Bravo, Lois, for your patience, your persistence, your sincerity!

Sincerely,  
Genevieve A. Larrieux-Loudance,  
P. O. Box 272,  
Wilmington, Calif.

### Her Favorites



DEAR EDITOR:

I liked "Broadway Melody" and "On Trial." I think that Lois Wilson and Bert Lytell have very fine voices. However, one of my favorite pictures was a silent one: "Forgotten Faces" with Clive Brook and Baclanova. They acted so realistically one could hardly believe they were just playing a part.

Clive Brook and Lewis Stone are my favorite actors.

"Evangeline" is also a lovely picture and Dolores Del Rio makes a charming *Evangeline*.

Thank you for letting me contribute to this department.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. E. Hyatt,  
1720 W. Cucharas St.,  
Colorado Springs, Colorado.

### Bravo, Chevalier!



DEAR EDITOR:

I'm for the talkies and hope they are never rechristened with a more high sounding name, such as 'Audiens' or what have you? For years the American fans

were satisfied to just go to the movies, and even though the Europeans were cinema patrons, most of us were well satisfied with the word movies.

What silent feature ever carried the thrill of such talkies as "The Letter," "Gentlemen of the Press," "Coquette" or "Madame X?" Even a mediocre theme developed such interesting features as "Innocents of Paris," "Nothing But the Truth," etc. Which reminds me—would the dialog debut of Maurice Chevalier have been as intriguing if his efforts were confined to the silent film? Certainly his personality could not have swayed the fans so promptly and completely. Isn't he a peach? That French accent must never be lost, for it is so obviously a part of the inimitable Chevalier's personality.

My toast of the evening goes to Mary Pickford for her sincere acting in "Coquette," despite the changed plot. And to Walter Huston of "Gentlemen of the Press" I would nominate one of the foremost journalists of the country to lead the cheers in honor of his marvelous portrayal of a real newspaper man.

Sincerely,  
Gladys M. Connaughton,  
159 W. Newton St.,  
Boston, Mass.



### A Clara Bow Booster

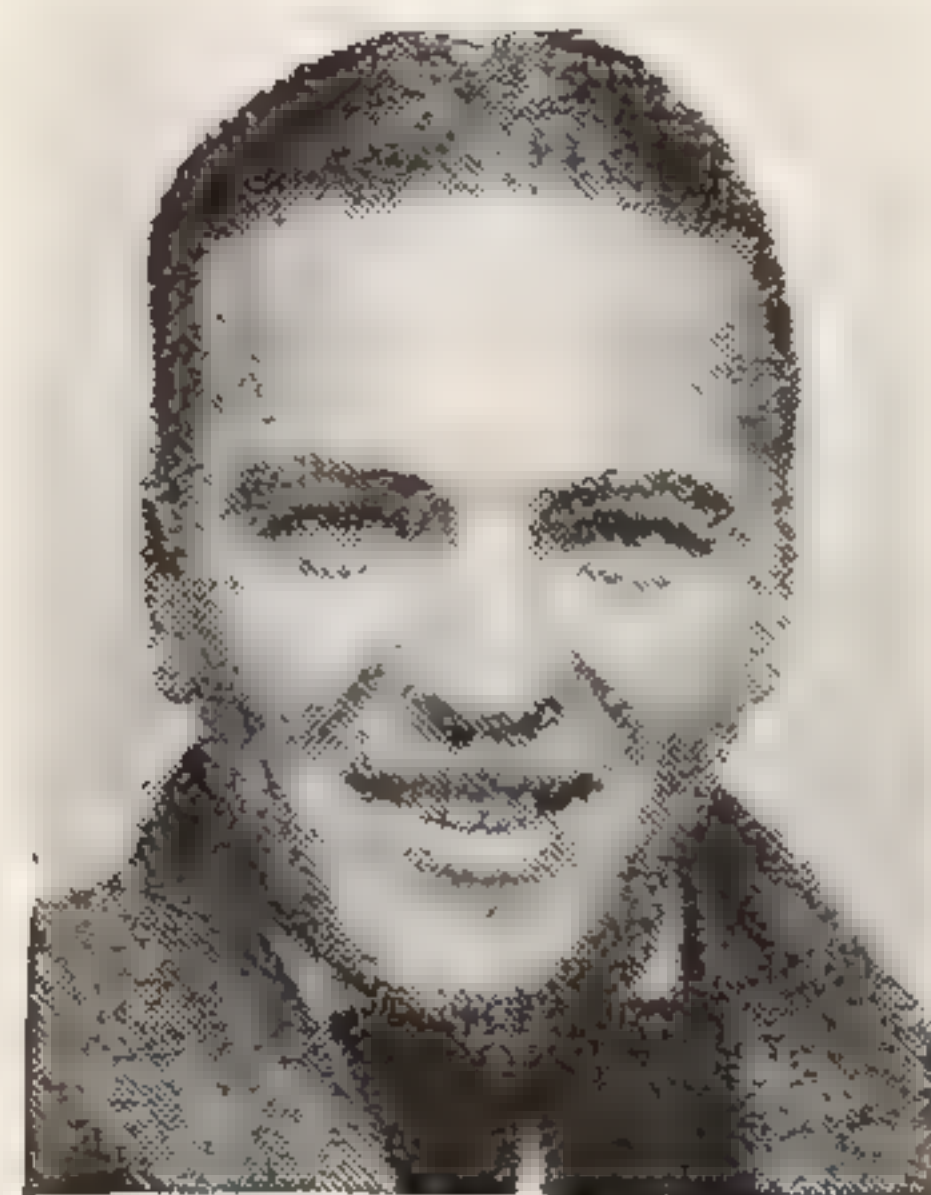
DEAR EDITOR:

I want to say a few words for Clara Bow and the talkies. Clara is my favorite star and I don't care what kind of a picture she takes part in just as long as she is in it. In my case it's Clara and not the play that is the thing.

I think Mary Brian and Charles Rogers are two darlings. In my estimation they come next in line after Clara.

Talkies are wonderful! The first one I saw was "In Old Arizona" and I certainly enjoyed it. I'm for talkies! I wish for Clara Bow the best of luck always.

Sincerely,  
Miss Roslyn Millar,  
238 Durocher Avenue,  
Montreal, Canada.



### A Feather for Jeanne Eagels

DEAR EDITOR:

Now, if I don't get something off my chest, I'll simply burst! You've guessed it? The talkies, of course. Talkies, talkies—like Tennyson's oft mentioned brook, they seem destined now to go on forever. Even cross-word puzzles didn't get such a Herculean hold on us, the dear public. At first I was rather reluctant and loathe to

enthuse in the talkies' favor, dismissing the efforts I had seen as a hodge-podge of cacophony; a tinpanness intensified by the seemingly wretched voices of our famous stars. Then, lo and behold! Along came such capable persons as Jeanne Eagels, Ruth Chatterton, and, yea, Sophie Tucker, Fannie Brice and Belle Baker—recruits from the footlights who wanted to emote for the new contraption. "Something in it after all," opined I.

One day, with sixty cents in my pocket and after a fruitless search for a job, I stopped in front of a local theater where "The Letter" was being read to capacity audiences. I hesitated, then, with the usual 'I-don't-care' attitude assumed in such trying circumstances, I parked fifty cents of my paltry pittance with the lady at the box office and hied myself inside the theater. Was I repaid? Never, in all my cinema-going days (with a little effort at reminiscing, I can place their incipience at about my tender age of five years) have I been lifted to such lofty heights of thrill-dom as when Miss Eagels retaliated to her husband's decree that her punishment should be her life imprisonment way out there in—was it Singapore? Perhaps Jeanne will do "Rain" (née "Sadie Thompson") in dialog—though only the dialog would make it any better (then, would it?) than Gloria Swanson's brilliant portrayal of that interesting, albeit meretricious femme.

Later (after I had a job) I saw and heard Ruth Chatterton in "The Doctor's Secret." Please allow me to use that sadly abused, often wrongly applied adjective—superb. I register keen anticipation for "Madame X," which madam, it would seem, is exhumed every other year.

But, let us not forget our own cinematographic artistes. Mary Pickford was magnificent in certain episodes of that poorly photographed "Coquette." Corinne Griffith in "Saturday's Children" brought her lovely drawl to us, one that is indeed in keeping with her languid charm. Margaret Livingston, Betty Compson, Bessie Love (and those terpsichorean proclivities!), Baclanova—ah! that vibrant, pulsating Russ—these ladies talk, sing, laugh, scream or what have you, with profound feeling, intelligence; their voices permeate the atmosphere with that evanescent spirit of good showmanship. We have yet to hear from Swanson, the Great Garbo and Gish. Yet, all in all, greater love hath no man than to stick by his favorites, whether in silence or in sound!

Provincial and trite an expression as 'tis, and for no reason at all, I say there, "let's go!"

Sincerely yours,  
George Wilton, Jr.,  
230 Noe Street,  
San Francisco, Calif.

Beginning with the next,  
the October issue of  
S C R E E N L A N D,  
we are offering cash prizes  
for the best letters to this  
department. Get busy!



# SCREENLAND



¶ *Dick Arlen is no over-night screen sensation. He has slowly but steadily worked his way to the top. Starting in small rôles, he has risen to gradually greater parts through the consistent exercise of a splendid talent. The fact that he has become a matinée idol of stellar proportions is a mere incident in an interesting career.*



# HONOR PAGE

Bravo, Richard Arlen,  
for Your Fine Work  
as the Hero of "Four  
Feathers"

**S**ELDOM has SCREENLAND presented an Honor Page with more pride than this one! For one thing, this Magazine has always liked Richard Arlen: for his staunch ambition, his willingness to give of his best no matter what part he had to play, and his genuine ability. He flew away with "Wings." He contributed a real characterization to Clara Bow's picture, "Ladies of the Mob." He can play comedy or drama with equal facility. He is a dependable actor—but he is more than that. Ask any one of the thousands of young ladies who applaud him and she will tell you that he evokes her hearty admiration chiefly because he doesn't look or act like an actor: he is a young American, stalwart, hearty, honest, who happens to be in the motion picture business! His work in "Four Feathers" has raised him to stardom and his success is well-deserved.



☞ Above: Arlen as Harry Feversham in the drama, "Four Feathers," at the tense moment in which he is presented with the white feathers of cowardice by his fellow officers. Below: Richard Arlen in the garden of his California home, with two members of his immediate family.





# SCREENLAND

September  
1929



**W**E take issue with our esteemed contemporary, for which we have as much respect as it has for us.

Photoplay Magazine has 'revealed' the fact that some of the stars have had doubles singing or speaking for them in the talking pictures. What our august contemporary hoped to gain by such an exposé is not precisely clear.

SCREENLAND has no quarrel with the great industry which makes its existence and success possible. In fact, SCREENLAND is openly and unashamedly pro-movie. SCREENLAND is an ally, a friend, a champion, a lover of motion pictures; it believes in upholding the traditions of the screen and preserving the illusions of the millions who go to the movies. If the exigencies of the talking pictures have made it necessary occasionally to practice technical deception on the public, what of it? Consider the motive: to provide good entertainment. The secret of the success of these deceptions is that the audience is really deceived. Since motion pictures appeal to our emotions we love them for what they appear to be rather than for what they are.

If the audiences really wish to poke and pry into the mechanical processes making this successful deception possible, let them look into such trade magazines as *The Scientific American* and *Science and Invention*. But SCREENLAND believes that motion picture audiences are interested primarily in being entertained.

When an actress cries we cry with her.

DELIGHT EVANS,  
Editor.  
*Her Page.*

Why should we wish to know what means her director uses to induce those pitiful tears? All we know is that as we look at that girl on the screen she tugs at our heartstrings—she plays upon our emotions—she makes us weep with her. And that's all we need to know. Why should we care whether it is glycerine or art? Don't tell us!

After you have been roused to emotion by a splendid scene do you want someone rudely to knock you out of your exalted mood with a withering, "Aw—that's all hokum!"? When you have thrilled to the sound of your favorite hero's melodious tenor singing a song from the screen do you long for Willie Wisecrack to step up, cup his hand and whisper in your ear: "That's a voice double!"? No! *You want to preserve your illusions!* This art of the motion picture is founded on the innocent and happy illusions of a million children, grown-up and growing. Why shatter that illusion? The whole world is builded on belief and faith. Rob people of their illusions and what is left? Nothing worth having. We need these trips into another land. We want our fun! Why take make-up away from a pretty girl? Why strip the circus of its glamour? Let us alone, you wise guys. The kill-joys who 'expose' the mystery that goes on behind the screen and makes possible our enjoyment are the same people who go about telling children there isn't any Santa Claus; and who would want *Peter Pan* to grow up!

But let them come! SCREENLAND is ready for 'em! Because SCREENLAND knows the *real* truth about motion pictures and motion picture audiences: that when people pay to be entertained they want to be let alone to enjoy themselves, in an enchanted land.



# TAGGED *for* GLORY

*New  
Candidates  
for  
Film Fame*



☞ *The lovely Adrienne Doré, who contributed so much to "The Wild Party."*



☞ *Clever Joyce Compton, protégée of Clara Bow, now in "Dangerous Curves."*



☞ *You'll see Liska March in "Melody Lane" and Gloria Swanson's next film.*



☞ *Left: Owen Davis, Jr., in Fox Movie-tone's "They Had to See Paris."*



☞ *Right: Phillips Holmes, one of Paramount's promising juveniles.*



# TRICKS of

*'How is it Done?' You Ask. This Story Tells You What You Want to Know About the Making of Talking Pictures*

THEY'RE clever, there's no getting away from it. These talkie makers, I mean.

Look at "Dark Street," wherein Jack Mulhall plays two brothers, one a crook and one a policeman, arrests himself and takes himself to jail, all the time talking back and forth to himself. And Jack does *all* the talking, mind you!

How does he do it?

It's simple when you know.

The photography is managed as a usual double-exposure, with half the lens opened at a time and positions carefully marked to match up. The voices are recorded likewise, thus:

A young stage actor was engaged to 'stand in' as crook when Jack was playing the policeman and to 'stand in' as cop when Jack essayed the part of the crook. Together the two rehearsed lines to that tempo and spacing were exactly the same—in fact, the 'stand in' was a carbon copy of Jack in the reading of each rôle. Then the recorder opened the microphone for Jack's rendition of a scene as the cop and tuned out while the 'stand in' replied, opening up again with Jack's answer. When the reverse side of the scene was photographed, the 'stand in's' remarks were not recorded but what Jack as the crook had to say was avidly picked up. Then the two scenes were merged, just as the two halves of the film are merged, and there we have Jack talking and speaking to himself!

It seems that animal actors are frequently too temperamental to part with their English accents at the psychological second demanded by the 'mike.' The donkey may bray or the parrot may indulge in light persiflage before or after the fatal 'Interlock'! but this picking up of cues—oh, too boring, don't you know!

But no dumb actor can foil the talkie men. No, sir!

Peter Kelly, former vaudeville favorite, who can imitate birds, animals and reptiles so faithfully that their own mothers are fooled, is called on. Over at First National in "The Great Divide," Kelly has been doubling the voices of parrots and other birds.

Count Valencia, a Spaniard of royal blood, is another animal imitator earning at least \$25 a day on Hollywood lots.

Fred Newmeyer, directing "Sailor's Holiday" for Pathé, needed a parrot. One answering to the name of Billie, whose repertoire included the singing of *Blowing Bubbles* and *Over There*, was brought in for a test, but he did so well that Newmeyer decided nobody would believe he was really doing it.

"No, get me a bird that can't talk. At least he won't spoil any scenes," ordered the director. However, after the parrot had been registered in several scenes it developed that he must scream: "Clear the tracks for action!" What to do?

Fred Newmeyer doubles for the bird!



☞ The first double-exposure talkie Mulhall, playing a dual rôle, car-



☞ Behind the scenes during the making of a talking is directing action and voices on two sets, shown telephone and signal systems. Winifred Westover,



# the TALKIES

By  
Ruth Tildesley



is, "Dark Streets," in which Jack  
ries on conversations with himself!

They don't always double these animal actors, though. In "Smiling Irish Eyes," Colleen Moore is supported by a two-months-old pig christened Aloysius. As pigs of that age are delicate, a double was provided, but it never worked. Aloysius liked the limelight and insisted on doing his own stuff. The thoughtful authorities had also arranged that Peter Kelly should squeal if Aloysius failed to pick up his cue, but he wasn't needed. The pig developed an uncanny sense for talkies.

The elusive echo sheds its adjectives when confronted by the talkie cohorts. If a musical repetition is necessary, an instrument is played *fortissimo* into the 'mike,' the echo being played on a muted instrument farther off. If a voice is to be echoed, someone shouts into the mike and at a greater distance the same shout is gently repeated.

If you walked into the sound effect department at a studio and found three or four huskies playing on the floor with a roller skate or a child's pop-gun, what would you think?

Nothing of the kind!

They're trying to discover something that sounds like an 'L' train or a machine gun—they're not goofy!

"One of the idiosyncrasies of sound recording is that often the actual sound does not record as it is," explains Scott Littleton, director of Pathé's sound effects. "Many noises break the microphone so we have to create others that will record more like the subject photographed than that subject would record."

For William Boyd's picture, "The Cop," it was necessary to get the sound of an 'L' train. The actual sound made a deafening roar more like an avalanche, but by tying an iron pipe to a roller skate and dragging it across a bare floor the problem was solved.

Two great ships scraping against each other in "Strange Cargo" blew out some tubes so a cigar box and a piece of resined string was substituted to advantage.

Sometimes a discovery for sound effect is made by accident. In "High Voltage," the drone of an airplane was needed. Nothing quite satisfied the experts. Bill Boyd was eating salted peanuts as he waited for his cue; when it came he threw a handful of nuts aside—they lit on a drum.

"Country's saved!" shouted the sound expert, leaping forward. He snatched up the peanuts, plopped them down on the drum again, then bore both props away. An hour later he returned. The bottom was torn out of the drum and an electric fan installed inside. Setting the fan going, and dropping peanuts, aspirin and dice made just the right *br-r-r-r* drone of a plane.

Speaking of accidents:

When Universal was making "Climax," canaries played important rôles. Five or six hundred were engaged to sing a sort of theme song throughout the picture, but when cages of the yellow songsters were delivered on the sound stage the

(Continued on page 95)



picture. Herbert Brenon, designated by the arrow,  
at left and right, simultaneously with the aid of  
in the semi-circle, is enacting her rôle of "Lummax."





☞ Rudy Vallee crooned his songs in the New York theaters and supper-clubs and over the radio and became a national celebrity. Now he is making his first film feature, "The Vagabond Lover," for Radio Pictures. He'll sing, play the saxophone, and act.

"WHAT a man!"  
 "He looks like the Prince of Wales."  
 "He certainly does. But he's more like Lindy."  
 "I'll say. And how!"

The scene was the Paramount Theater at Broadway and Forty-third Street, New York. Four of the hundreds of girls in the audience were discussing Rudy Vallee, who, with his orchestra, had been breaking all attendance records at the Paramount for six weeks.

Up on the stage, Vallee—who looks like a composite picture of Lindy and Great Britain's Prince—was singing in his tender impassioned voice:

"I'm just a vagabond lover  
 In search of a sweetheart, it seems  
 And I know that someday I'll discover her  
 The girl of my vagabond dreams."

As the tall, bronze-haired orchestra leader brought his song to a close, he reached for his gold saxophone and began to play. At that moment, from the thousands of enraptured women in the audience there swept a sigh. A sigh as strong and as fervent as a tropical monsoon!

Rudy Vallee had conquered. A new idol had been born. A new star had risen in the motion picture heavens.

In January of this year, Vallee was broke. Out of a job, and practically unknown. Five months later, owing to his tremendous popularity over the radio and in vaudeville, Radio-Keith-Orpheum signed him to go to Hollywood. There he is to make his first big

# RUDY

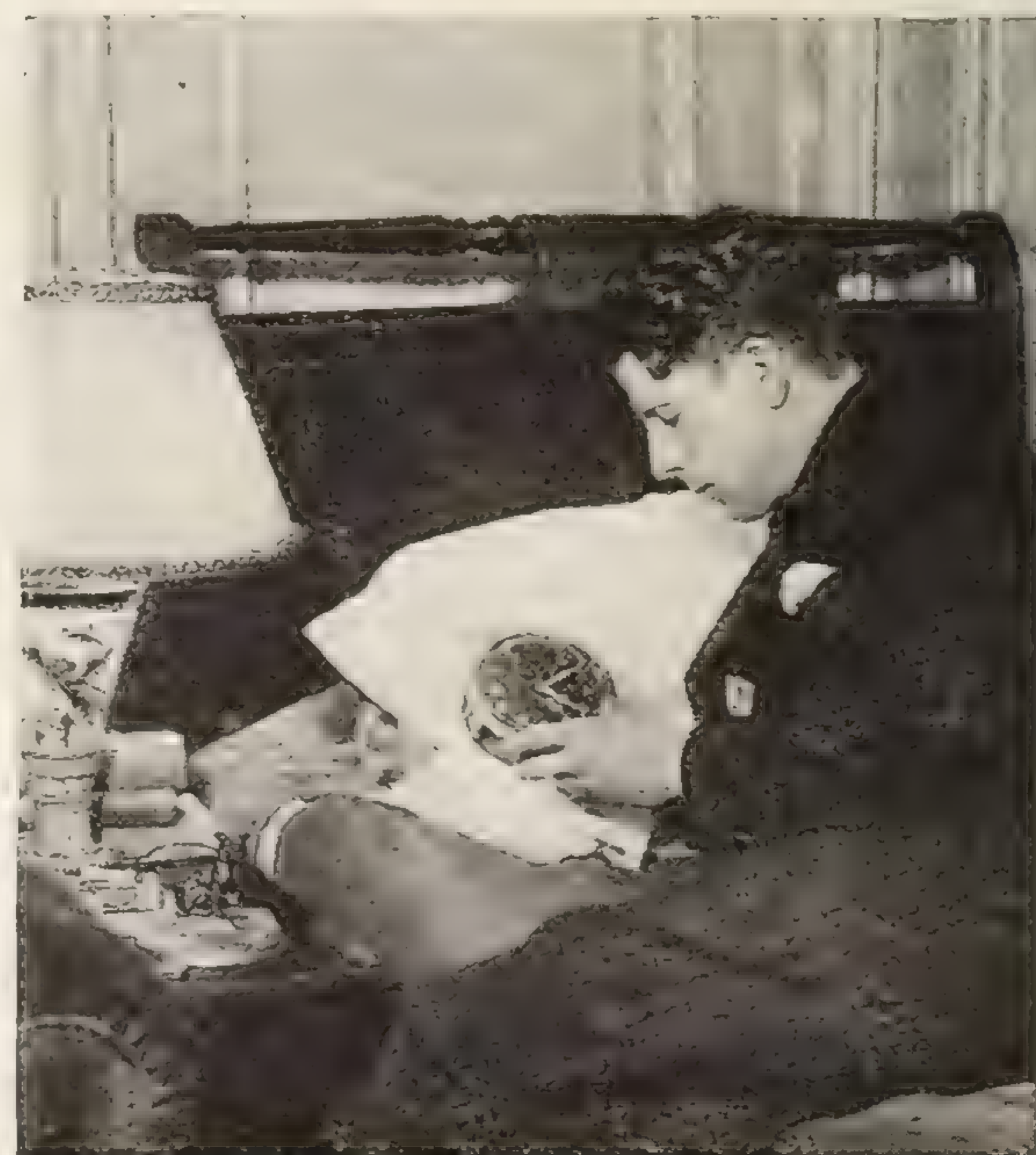
Here is a New  
 Idol with Sax  
 Appeal. Watch  
 Out!

singing and talking picture, "The Vagabond Lover." This is presumed to tell the true story of his life.

New York—as well as points south, north, west and east—has fallen for the twenty-six year old Rudy like Napoleon fell for Josephine, but with happier consequences. It all began back in January when he started singing and playing the saxophone and directing his orchestra over the National Broadcasting Chain. He had been working before the microphone on and off for nearly two years without raising any blood pressure. But over night, women became fascinated with him

Early in February, he played a three days' engagement at the 81st Street Theater. This is what is called a split-week house, the program being changed twice weekly. However, so many radio fans stampeded the place, that Vallee was held over another three days. The only time such a thing has ever occurred in that theater, I am told.

Shortly afterward he began a tour of the large movie theaters. And just before he started



☞ Rudy has no time to spare, so he sets the alarm for five-fifteen—P. M.



# COLOR!

By  
Rob Wagner

attracted to a brilliant spot of red or blue, and would follow it at the expense of pantomime.

When Doug Fairbanks decided to make "The Black Pirate" in color, I spoke to him about this problem.

"If you can gently *insinuate* color you may get by with it," I said, "but you'll have to be careful to soft-pedal brilliant spots which the color-cameramen are so anxious to register."

"I've thought that all out," replied Doug, "and so I've told them that they were to forget we are using color and shoot for black and white."

It was one of the few color pictures that was not spotted with flaming gobs of color jumping all over the screen.

In general, however, color was 'out' in most studios. The fans were attuned to practically perfect black and white pictures, so why invite trouble in the more or less imperfect color processes?

Then came sound. And in one year the motion picture industry has gone through the most intensive experimental period of its existence. The fact of sound had been demonstrated; it then became a matter of testing various processes and perfecting the best. It is a long way from perfect yet, but it has gone so far that the sound and dialog picture has practically displaced the silent drama.

Curiously enough, the triumph of sound pictures are at the present moment found in two extremes—individual performance, such as lectures, short talks,



☞ Mary Eaton leading a beautiful number in Paramount's "Glorifying the American Girl," a movie musical comedy.

songs and dances; and in great musical comedies and Follies shows. The latter, however, absolutely require color. No matter how photographically perfect, or how ravishing the music, color is a major motif to such spectacles. Thus we find the studios turning back to that very much neglected factor in picture-making. At last in Warners' newest production, "On With the Show," we have approached appreciably nearer the perfect—mechanically speaking—motion picture. After viewing "On With the Show," Ernst Lubitsch told me that in his opinion in another year there would be no more black and white pictures.

(Continued on page 112)



☞ "The Fox Movietone Follies" was the first of the amazing musical revues, inaugurating a new era in motion picture entertainment.



# The NEW

*You Don't Know the  
Real Gilbert Until  
You Read This Story!*

"I WONDER what Jack Gilbert is *really* like?" How many times I have heard people ask that question! I have learned the answer. I know the real Gilbert. And I want you to know him, too.

To my complete surprise he is the exact opposite of the opinion I had formed, through idle gossip and the things I had read. They had prejudiced me to the extent of hoping that I wouldn't have to write about him. The gossip about him was that he was conceited, arrogant and unreasonable. He hated interviews and would only see writers he knew and had confidence in. It is an accident when he talks to a reporter new to him.

He won't pose for publicity stills and rarely for off-stage pictures of any kind. Consequently a wall of antagonism was erected between Gilbert and those whose job it is to supply the public with anecdotes about the players.

I found that the conceit attributed to Jack Gilbert is a passionate desire to be understood. It seems inconsistent then that he should refuse to meet people. I told him he has a terrible reputation for being upstage because of it.

☞ Gilbert today—a movie idol with an honest outlook. In the oval, John Gilbert as he looked in his Fox film days.

☞ Below: the boy John Gilbert with his mother, Ida Gilbert, and his step-father, Walter Gilbert.





# JOHN GILBERT

By  
*Helen Ludlam*

"I know it," he said. "But I'm not going to talk to people who go out and, to make their story a sensation, magnify all the human failings of an actor and create a few that he hasn't got. This after we have had a very friendly visit. I had liked them and they, apparently had liked me. I had neither wanted nor expected a flattering interview, but I was unprepared for the violence of the attack I received."

Yet writers are human, too, and some have found that they can pen constructive things until the crack of doom with nine out of ten players, producers or executives paying not the slightest attention to the story or even looking to see who wrote it. They have accepted the words therein contained as their just due, placidly, and have never thought of the matter again. But oh, the fireworks when something unpleasant comes out! The story is passed from person to person, from lip to lip; the writer becomes famous, and his bank account grows. After all—someone has said that the business of this life is to get food and shelter and a good many people believe it. I pointed that out to Jack.

"I know that is true, too. But at least those who don't abuse their position and power can keep their self-respect, and that lasts—the rest may be swept away over night."

And there was no argument to that, either!

The most cruel articles against him are usually written by people who are total strangers or whom he has

(Continued on page 98)

☞ Right: Ina Claire, the woman who has changed the course of John Gilbert's life. His marriage to Ina has made him happy for the first time in his life!



☞ Left: Jack Gilbert and his mother during the period of his first appearance on any stage.





# Those Healthy



*An Old-Fashioned Outdoor Barbecue is Often the Height of Hollywood Hilarity!*

"ISN'T this exactly like the romantic old Spanish California days! exclaimed Patsy the Party Hound ecstatically, as she gazed about her at the big sycamores, the little rills, the huge clumps of fern, of the Santa Monica Canyon. "And somebody is playing a guitar under the trees!"

Leo Carrillo was giving an old-fashioned Spanish barbecue in the Canyon, on the wide grounds where he is going to build his Spanish home. It is to be a real Spanish house, too, of adobe, with a great patio and fountain. Leo has been playing "Lombardi, Ltd." for years, but now he is going into pictures.

Leo stood in the shade of the trees to welcome his guests, while already the barbecue was beginning to sizzle in the huge oven.

"Well, I choose Leo to play the guitar to me!" exclaimed Patsy. "You know I

¶ Leo Carrillo gave a real Spanish barbecue to celebrate his first talking picture. Below is a group of his guests. You'll recognize such stars as Ann Pennington, Walter Catlett, Alice White, Armida, Sylvia Field, Roscoe 'Fatty' Arbuckle, Clark and McCullough, Skeets Gallagher and others.





# Hollywood Parties

*By Grace Kingsley*

knew him when he was a little boy living in Santa Monica, where his father was a township Judge. No wonder he wanted to buy a home in this canyon, where we used to hold our picnics when we were children. Everybody adores Leo for his Latin charm and brightness of spirit."

Don Alvarado arrived just then, which we voted another perfect touch, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Porcasi, Alice White, Armida, and Harry D'Arrast; but most of the guests were people from the stage, come to Hollywood for talking pictures, and they were (Continued on page 96)

Reginald and Bubbles Denny, a happy Hollywood couple!



Reginald Denny gave a weekend party at his mountain cabin in the San Bernardino mountains. Here is a glimpse of Reg and his wife, Bubbles, in the enormous living room of the cabin.







Arthur Lake's first stage part was the baby in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He has been an actor ever since.

# Arthur!

# Arthur!

*His Public is Calling  
for Young Mr.  
Lake. Here's his  
Story*

By

James M. Fidler

LUNCHING with Arthur Lake, I expected to taste salt in my coffee. I didn't, but it must have been because Arthur didn't think of it. He's full of pranks. Just a great, big boy!

The day Arthur enrolled in high school, so his sister tells me, he walked up to a dignified, be-whiskered gentleman and asked: "Where's the guy who runs this dump?" Fortunately for Arthur, the 'guy who ran the dump' possessed a sense of humor. The be-whiskered gent was 'the guy.'

I interviewed Arthur on his birthday—his twentieth birthday. His mother and sister were seated with us at the table. A birthday cake with a single sparkling candle adorned the centerpiece.

A telegram arrived. It was from an act touring the Publix Theater circuit, an act in which Arthur's sister, Florence Lake, had been a principal prior to her contract for motion picture work. The telegram read as follows:

"The waiters of the Bubbles Restaurant (name of the act) wish to serve you a birthday dinner consisting of health soup, wealth salad, happiness entrée with tremendous success for dessert. Also a la carte order of love and kiss cookies for sister and mother."

Arthur was born in Corbin, Kentucky, but the event should have taken place in Knoxville. That sounds funny. I'd better explain.

Arthur's parents were of the stage. His mother is Edith Goodwin. His father was Arthur Silverlake. It so happened that his mother, soon to bring Arthur into the world, decided that Knoxville should be his birthplace.

His father was then a principal in a traveling stock company and was forced to go on to Corbin for a one-week stand. Arthur's mother, lonesome and somewhat frightened, decided also to travel to Corbin in order to be with her husband when the crucial moment arrived. That's how it happened that Corbin, and not Knoxville, now hangs out the 'Our Own Boy' banner when one of young Lake's pictures hits the town.

Arthur has spent practically his entire life in the show business. His first stage part was as the baby in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Arthur was less than six months old then, unable to come forth and take his bows. As the years rolled by, he played baby, child, and finally boy rôles.

During their travels, Arthur and his sister were taught by their mother. She underwent an examination in Atlanta that won her permission to act as tutor to her own children. Their fourth and fifth grade schooling came under their own mother.

Vaudeville brought the Lake troupe to Los Angeles. The act disbanded there. Everywhere they had played, critics had commented: "The two kids (Arthur and Florence) are clever. They should be in pictures." So when the act ended near Hollywood, the Lake family took the critics at their own words.

Florence liked motion pictures; Arthur did not. He cared nothing for a screen career. In fact, he took a job in his uncle's dye works. His uncle wanted him to start at the bottom and dye up. Arthur liked the work and gloried over the princely salary of twenty dollars per week. All went well until he (Continued on page 102)





*The Most Beautiful Still of the Month*

DOROTHY MACKAILL and IAN KEITH

*in "The Great Divide."*



☞ Marion will sing and dance in her next picture — her first talkie, by the way.

# Marion —

The Davies Lady is  
Lovely and Lively!



☞ She is one of the  
best dancers in  
all Hollywood.

☞ Try this on your  
own toes some-  
time!



# Maid of Moods

All photographs of Miss  
Davies by Ruth Harriet  
Louise, posed expressly for  
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE.

☞ The Davies dash  
and gaiety will  
be at its best in  
the new audible  
entertainment.

☞ This isn't as easy  
as it looks, either!







Freulich

FROM "The Circus" to "Broadway"; or The Rise of Merna Kennedy. Chaplin's discovery is now a Universal talking picture!





*Freulich*

**W**HEN Glenn Tryon plays a trouper on the screen you know you are looking at the real thing. He knows his stuff.





Ruth Harriet Louise

**B**ACK to the primitive! Joan Crawford—  
Mrs. Doug Fairbanks Jr.—is the heroine  
of "Jungle"—oh, so barbaric and beautiful!





VILMA BANKY is studying hard to perfect her English. Don't let your star lose that accent altogether, Mr. Goldwyn.





Hommel

A LOVELY lady from Broadway becomes a sensation in the sound studios: Kay Francis, artiste of lines, and lines!



# GOTHAM'S GIFT to HOLLYWOOD

*Kay Francis from Broadway  
Conquers the Film Colony*

By John Engstead

**R**IGHT now, one girl has Hollywood in the palm of her hand.

Everyone who knows her, women as well as men, immediately falls into her legion of boosters. Everyone who hasn't met her—well, that's just his loss.

She's Kay Francis, a lovely New York stage girl, who has crashed Hollywood in a big way.

Six months ago, she had seen only two silent pictures in her life and hated them both.

She never gave talking pictures a thought until a friend at the Paramount Long Island Studios suggested a screen test for a leading rôle in "Gentlemen of the Press." The only difficulty which lay between her and the part was the fact that the executives, the director, the authors and the supervisors of the production had definitely decided to find a blonde for the same rôle. There was one showing of the Francis test. The result was that this black-haired, green-eyed girl made her first appearance on the screen in the feminine lead in "Gentlemen of the Press."

Kay's just that way—instantaneous! (Cont. on page 106)



© Kay Francis and Richard Arlen in a scene from "Dangerous Curves."



© Kay and 'Snifter,' her Scotty.



# Will Chaplin

¶ The most famous and valuable derby hat, cane, and pair of shoes in the world, exclusive property of Charles Spencer Chaplin, Esq.!

¶ Below: Charlie directing a scene for his new comedy, "City Lights."



"I DON'T have to work unless I wish," says Charlie Chaplin. "I work for fun! And I don't think it is fun to make talking pictures!"

So says the Napoleon of funny pictures; the greatest clown of modern times. But will he stick to his decision? Will the talkies lure him on until he follows Mary and Doug and all the rest into the sound fields? He swears he won't. But he has taken just one little step in the direction of the talkies. He has had sound equipment installed in his studio! This doesn't mean that he himself will ever speak into the microphone for talkie purposes, he insists. Just that his comedies will have sound effects in them. He himself will remain solely a pantomimic character. But even Napoleon was known to change his mind!

Chaplin must be more interested in talking pictures than he will admit, however. They have forced him into arguments and discussions. Voice culture, he thinks, is over-rated. "Either you can put lines over, or you can't," he declares. "And some of the funniest voices in the world have been the most popular on the stage."



# *Change his Mind?*

The Great Little Clown  
Vows he will Never  
Make a Talking Picture.  
But There's Sound  
Equipment in That  
Chaplin Studio



☞ Charles Chaplin, the musician, at his pipe organ. He hates jazz!



☞ A scene from one of the most popular Chaplin comedies, still being shown today: "A Dog's Life." Edna Purviance, Charlie's beautiful blonde leading lady in so many of his pictures, has since retired from the screen.



# The Swedish Sphinx

*La Garbo Speaks her Mind on the Talkies—and Other Topics. The First Interview She Has Granted to Any Magazine for Months*

Garbo, since her Swedish vacation, is more the girl and less the woman, bubbling with good humor, enjoying work and play with fresh vigor.



GRETA GARBO is going to speak her little piece—right out loud!

Back from her jaunt home to Sweden, setting at rest rumors that the talkies banished her from the movies, Greta is head-over-heels at work catching up on production schedules and getting ready for her Big Moment.

Her talkie debut!

According to official word from the studios, Garbo is to do "Anna Christie" as her first audible screen rôle, a characterization of drab grimness made famous upon the speaking stage by Pauline Lord and later enacted for the silent films by Blanche Sweet.

"I hated talking pictures when they first came out," said Greta, stimulating a shuddery gesture by way of adding emphasis to her words. "They screeched and scratched. They were neither of the stage nor screen. Just monstrous nightmares. I thought to myself, if I have to appear in anything like that I ought to go home to Sweden and stay there. Ugh!"

"Now—" and Greta threw her head back and laughed, "I am bored to death when I see a silent picture. It seems that something is lacking; life is gone when the players fail to speak their lines. Yes, you might say I am 'sold' on the talkies. Since I have been in Europe wonderful strides have been made technically. They are so far beyond the experimental stage that anyone unwilling to recognize their superiority to silent pictures is either hopelessly old-fashioned or plain stubborn.

"For myself I have heard and read much of the 'terrible Garbo accent' that was supposed to have sent me back home to retire. It may interest some of my sympathizers to know that I signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M just a few days before I sailed on my vacation trip and that 'Anna Christie' was already in mind at that time.

"I suppose I have something of an accent but I do not notice it. It seems to me that I speak pretty fair English, especially considering the way I have heard English spoken by many others. At any rate I am not afraid of the talkies and can scarcely wait to get working on the Eugene O'Neill play. I worship the part and wish I could do it now instead of having to make another picture first.

"I am really tired of doing the same old thing, over and over again. To me it will be like escaping binding fetters to be able to speak my lines, to live my parts more naturally and more expressively. I do not know how my voice will record since I have made no tests, and do not intend to make any until I have my part to play. I am not taking voice culture or staying up nights practicing Shakespeare. I will speak naturally and as I feel the lines should be spoken, just as I play



# Speaks!

## *Greta Garbo breaks her Long Silence*

*By  
Ralph  
Wheelwright*

any character now. If I cannot play a rôle naturally and without artificial devices, I cannot give a sincere performance.

"When I was in Europe, looking back toward America I was able to obtain a different perspective upon motion pictures. All the more I realized that whatever fame goes with stardom is quite impersonal. The public likes or dislikes a player solely upon what it sees of the player on the screen. I do not think a star's private life exposed in intimate detail serves any other purpose than to satisfy curiosity. I am just a human being like anyone else. I resent prying into my personal affairs just as much as anyone in any other station or position rightfully resists similar intrusions.

"I realize, of course, that by placing myself before the public on the screen I invite the attention of the curious. But after all, my private life is all I have left to myself and I feel I am entitled to guard it jealously. I do not want to live like a fish in an aquarium and I suffer no delusions that my opinions on any subject are of any particular interest or concern to the public. I remember, just before I went on my (Continued on page 95)

☞ In "The Single Standard," Garbo's last silent film, she is seen with Nils Asther as her leading man.





Now We Can Hear, as Well as See, the Ripping of the Groom's Trousers, the Breaking of the Cane over the Head of the Girl's Father, and the Splash of the Mud into which the Well-Dressed Man Falls, in our Favorite Comedies. But Oh, for the Squish of the Good Old Custard-Pie!



☞ A custard pie figures largely and hilariously in the starring Lupino Lane. Yes, that's the talented

# How Does Custard



☞ An Educational Comedy scene involving dough in the days before sound.

IT's mighty hard to get underneath the crust (figuratively speaking) of a custard pie, and discover how it feels three seconds before it is doomed to destruction, but it had always seemed to this discerning eye that the lowly long-suffering pastry was pretty well resigned to its fate. Even when balanced in the palm of a comedian's hand, with inevitable demolition ahead of it, it appeared to bear up courageously.

Obviously, we've been laboring under a delusion, for now we know the custard pie is not quite as emotionless as we had suspected. It does put up a stiff upper lip, to be sure, but at the moment of its demise, it sends up a pitiful cry of death. Indeed, that comparatively new contrivance, the talking picture, has been causing so much disillusionment that soon we'll be as free of illusions as pocketbooks are of shekels after Christmas. At every turn we find our most devastatingly seductive screen sirens piping up in ingenue lisps, cunning little blonde soubrettes waxing kittenish in deep basso and wax-mustachioed villains sounding more like adolescent youths than the treacherous demons they are portraying.

In the case of the delectable confection, however, the synchronization of the 'splish-splash' indubitably lends a note of realism to the pie-throwing act. Mack Sennett, equally well-known for his custard pies and bathing beauties, has already tried it out in his all-talking comedies, and his success has been phenomenal. In "The Lion's Roar" and "Jazz Mamas," two of his all-dialogue comedies, the pie (we're not sure whether it was custard or Boston Cream) was given an important play. He admits, however, that shooting a comedy scene with a pie the principal character is no longer the simple



# *the* THIRD

*By Edwin Martin*

**O**UT Hollywood way where most of the stories of over-night successes are written by high-salaried press agents, there has come a blonde conqueror. They call her Joan of 'Art'!

And it's all because Joan Bennett, with only one year on the stage and three months on the screen, has acquired a success that it took other members of her distinguished family many years to attain.

Joan's father, the noted stage and screen star, Richard Bennett, worked 25 years before he became famous on the American stage. Her sister Constance, formerly the wife of the millionaire Phillip Plant, has been in pictures for several years, and has just recently become a star. Her sister, Barbara, danced on the stage for two or three years before she finally received recognition and has only just been made a leading woman of the screen.

Yet, in less than three months, Joan Bennett, who came to Hollywood, entirely unsung in films, and with only one stage rôle to her credit, has become one of our most sought-after leading women.

For this 18 year old girl, the great star George Arliss and Warner Brothers studio held up production eight days on "Disraeli," the reason being that Miss Bennett was working on "Three Live Ghosts" for United Artists, and neither Mr. Arliss nor Warner Brothers could find her equivalent for the part. This is something that has happened to few stars and hardly any leading women.

All this for Joan, who is as yet unknown to the film fans, and whose only completed picture, "Bulldog Drummond," has not been generally exhibited except in the larger cities.

It all began when "Bulldog Drummond" was previewed. It was Joan's first rôle on the screen. Her statuesque beauty, the timbre of her voice and her blonde appeal, were shown to such an advantage in this film, that producers demanded her services. Immediately, United Artists cast her for the leading feminine rôle in "Three Live Ghosts," the talkie version of Max Marcin's stage success.

Oddly enough, Joan came to the screen from a stage play about the screen, as she was playing the leading feminine rôle opposite her father in "Jarnegan," Jim Tully's satire on Hollywood, when Samuel Goldwyn selected her for Ronald Colman's

leading woman in "Bulldog Drummond." Before this film was released, she played on the Los Angeles stage with Doris Keane in "The Pirate." After the play had ended she started work on "Three Live Ghosts," and that is about all that Joan has done until now. But there is "Disraeli" in the air, and two other rôles which she will be signed for by the time this article is in press.

Up to about fifteen months ago, Richard Bennett had seen all his children except Joan acquire distinction on the stage or screen. Often he would look rather wistfully at this strange child of so famous a stage family, thinking not of the heritage she received from him, but one that

went back more than a century. Back through her mother's, Adrienne Morrison's, bloodstream, to Lewis Morrison, and the English actors, the Woods family, (Cont. on page 111)



*She is only eighteen, with a year on the stage and a few months in the talkies as her whole career!*

*Kenneth Alexander*



# Just a Hollywood Boy

*William Bakewell  
Grew Up in the  
Shadow of the  
Studios*

By D. A. Epstein

**A**MONG the great legion of famous motion picture stars in Hollywood, there are scarcely half a dozen who were born and spent their childhood in the cinema city.

William Bakewell is one of these exceptions. Cradled in the very shadow of the film studios and dreaming of fame on the silversheet since early childhood, this aspiring young actor has just reached the threshold from where he can view his early visions being transformed into realities.

"You know," he said the other day, "I've been a picture fan all my life. I remember when I was

*© Billy Bakewell at twenty—one of the most promising lads in motion pictures since his triumph in the dual rôle of young Louis XIV and his mad brother in "The Iron Mask."*



about seven years old I used to buy those penny packages of candy just to get the enclosed picture of a screen star. Florence Lawrence was my favorite then; so much so that I'd swap five pictures of Arthur Johnson, another old-time player, for one of Miss Lawrence."

A slim, colorful, handsome youth, just under six feet in height, William Bakewell has the sparkling eyes which betray a volatile and energetic character. Fresh from a marked triumph in "The Iron Mask," lauded by D. W. Griffith and Doug Fairbanks as a film 'find' and contracted for several pictures ahead, Bakewell has the happy naivete of a child who has been let into a store full of wonderful toys, with which he has been given unexpected permission to play.

His attitude towards the films is particularly refreshing. Plainly Bakewell revels in motion pictures—in their blustering heroics, their swashbuckling romanticism. One could read the thoughts in his shining eyes as he watched the movements of each actor who crossed the set. For he had transformed it into a stage upon which he was the leading player, the hero of this little world of make-believe. It didn't matter if the outstanding character be prince or pirate, (Continued on page 108)



# WHY, NORMA!

Miss Shearer Steps  
Right Out. (We  
Like It!)

*Photographs by  
Ruth Harriet Louise*



Norma has always stood for poise and dignity and charm in pictures. Now she adds an interesting piquancy to her already imposing equipment.







Autres

JUST another leading man until the talkies came along, Warner Baxter is now a real star, thanks to Mr. Fox's magic Movietone





*Lansing Brown*

**N**O wonder she is laughing! Lila Lee, grown-up and gorgeous, has staged one of the greatest come-backs in picture history.





*Elmer Freer*

**L**OIS WILSON was prepared when the talkies hit Hollywood. With stage experience behind her she has a new career ahead of her





**M**ATINEE idol, new style! Robert Armstrong's highly individual performances have helped make this hero business human.





Freulich

**D**OROTHY GULLIVER, after a long reign as the queen of "The Collegians," has graduated into full-length features. Watch her.





*Russell Ball*

**E**DDWARD EVERETT HORTON is unique in Hollywood: a comedian with a leading man's appeal, a hero with a sense of humor!





Lansing Brown

MARION BYRON has justified Screenland's long-standing faith in her ability. She is the ingenue appeal in "So Long Letty."



# LIONIZED!

*Nils Asther Adds Lion-Taming to his Other Accomplishments*



¶ Nils has his hands full with Leo Jr., descendant of the famous trade-mark lion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



Photographs  
by  
William Grimes



¶ Maybe Leo Jr. isn't fierce. Maybe his trainer is just behind him out of camera range. Just the same, Nils Asther is no coward. His latest screen play is "The Single Standard," with La Garbo.



¶ Olga the leopard, is M. Asther's particular pet.



# LOMBARD—

## Carol Lombard is the Latest Sennett Girl to Indulge in Drama

**I**T IS an axiom of science that if you travel long enough in one direction on this earth you will ultimately arrive at the point from which you started. But science had nothing to do with the application of this theory to a career in Hollywood. Carol Lombard did that. As a matter of fact, Carol could not have made the trip faster around the enchanted circle of what is coyly referred to as Cinemaland if she had had a bicycle.

In a little more than two years, with six months out for accidents, Carol has swept through an itinerary of ingenue leads, Mack Sennett custard, screen vixens, sophisticated characters and

¶ Carol when she was still helping Mack Sennett put over his comedies, casting a longing eye toward drama.



Photograph by  
Edwin Bower Hesser



# Unlimited!

By  
Erle Hampton

back to leads. According to the log of the trip, however, the little blonde beauty veered a trifle from her course because instead of becoming an ingenue lead again she became a much more interesting one, a leading lady with a past.

And this seems as good a point as any to start from the beginning!

Fort Wayne, Indiana, was the town Mr. and Mrs. Lombard decided upon to add one cute little Hoosier to its population. That was about nineteen years ago and for seven years a lively tow-headed youngster played dolls with the girls and prisoner's base with the boys.

The street that Carol was born on evidently was predestined to be significant in motion picture history, because a few years before that important event a two-fisted little roustabout saw the light of day and was christened Charles Gebhardt. That youngster became Buck Jones, cowboy star.

Carol was brought to Los Angeles when she was seven. California grammar schools and the Los Angeles High School supplied the necessary intelligence and then came the dramatic urge. A course in a dramatic school conducted by Miriam Nelks was the result. Small parts followed in productions at 'The Potboilers,' a little theater organization.

About this time Carol met Cecil B. De Mille, the godfather of so many of the present screen great. 'C.B.' was impressed.

"How old are you?" the producer asked.

"Fourteen," replied Carol.

"Go home and grow up. Then come back and see me," said C.B.

"Yes, Mr. De Mille," said Carol, unconscious of the fact that her answer was to go down in history as one of the by-words of the great motion picture industry.

So Carol went back to her dramatic knitting under the guiding eye of Miriam Nelks. More parts in stage productions. More complete training. Better recognition. Then another opportunity at the gates of screen fame. This time it was at the William Fox Studios through, it is said, a sister of William Fox who was interested in the Little Theater movement in Los Angeles and had been impressed with Carol's dramatic aptitude.

This time the age question did not interfere. Carol was seventeen years old. A small part with Edmund Lowe followed the (Cont. on page 108)



☞ Above: Robert Armstrong interviews Carol Lombard in the interests of their talking picture, "Big News."



☞ Carol today—demure and delighted with her success in talking dramas.



# On Location

Watching Harold Work is  
Almost as Much Fun as  
Seeing the Picture Itself

*By Helen Ludlam*

**H**AROLD LLOYD was shooting all-night scenes out at Westwood Hills. Although a good many directors take night scenes in the day time because, by a special camera process, they think they look better on the screen, Harold believes in realism. When you see night scenes in his comedies you know they are night scenes!

It was bitter cold, with a west wind blowing that was, as Irene Bordoni says, 'the business of nobody.' Far enough from the set so that its noise would not disturb the actors was a huge generator pumping 'juice' for the lights—the sun arcs, kleigs, and incandescents. Near the set were stoves burning charcoal for warmth, the usual supply of cables for every one to trip over, and location chairs for the convenience of a favored few.

Everyone was bundled up in heavy coats and as many as could stood in front of the sun arcs to get an idea of what it would be like out there if it was warm. This luxury was, of course, denied the actors who, because of the nature of the scene, could only wear the ordinary business suit.

All the scenes that evening were between Harold and Noah Young, whom you have seen in almost all the Harold Lloyd pictures. During his career Noah has played five hundred cops so he should know all about the force. He was the cop in "Safety Last" and the tough sailor in "The Sailor Made Man."

In the story it seems that Harold had taken on himself the task of doing a little detective work to save his girl's father, which led him to Chinatown. Noah was supposed to be a green cop who acted as guide.

Almost anything can happen to a green cop and an amateur detective, and in this case it does.

In the first place they didn't know where they were going or why, which is always a help when you are trying to get to the bottom of anything. They only knew that somewhere in Chinatown there was something they had to find out; so they just let events carry them along.

The set was swell—blocks of Chinese dwellings with balconies lined with flower pots and decorative Chinese lanterns. There were sudden corners, sudden stairways, mysterious doorways, as there always are in Chinatown. Everything you would want for a comedy setting.

When we arrived Harold was doing a clog dance to warm himself up. Mal St. Clair, the director of these



sequences, clad in a camel's hair coat reaching almost to his feet, was pacing up and down swinging his arms as hard as he could and slapping the back of his shoulder blades.

"Why weren't you here last night?" asked Harold after he had greeted me. "It was warm and lovely and there were lots of visitors. You're pretty game to come tonight. I don't think anyone else will venture."

"Oh, I don't mind with this heavy coat," I said.

"Clara Bow might be out later," said Mal. But Clara didn't show up, at least not while I was there, although I left early, a little before twelve.

Joe Reddy, Harold's press representative, tried to take Harold aside to talk over some business.

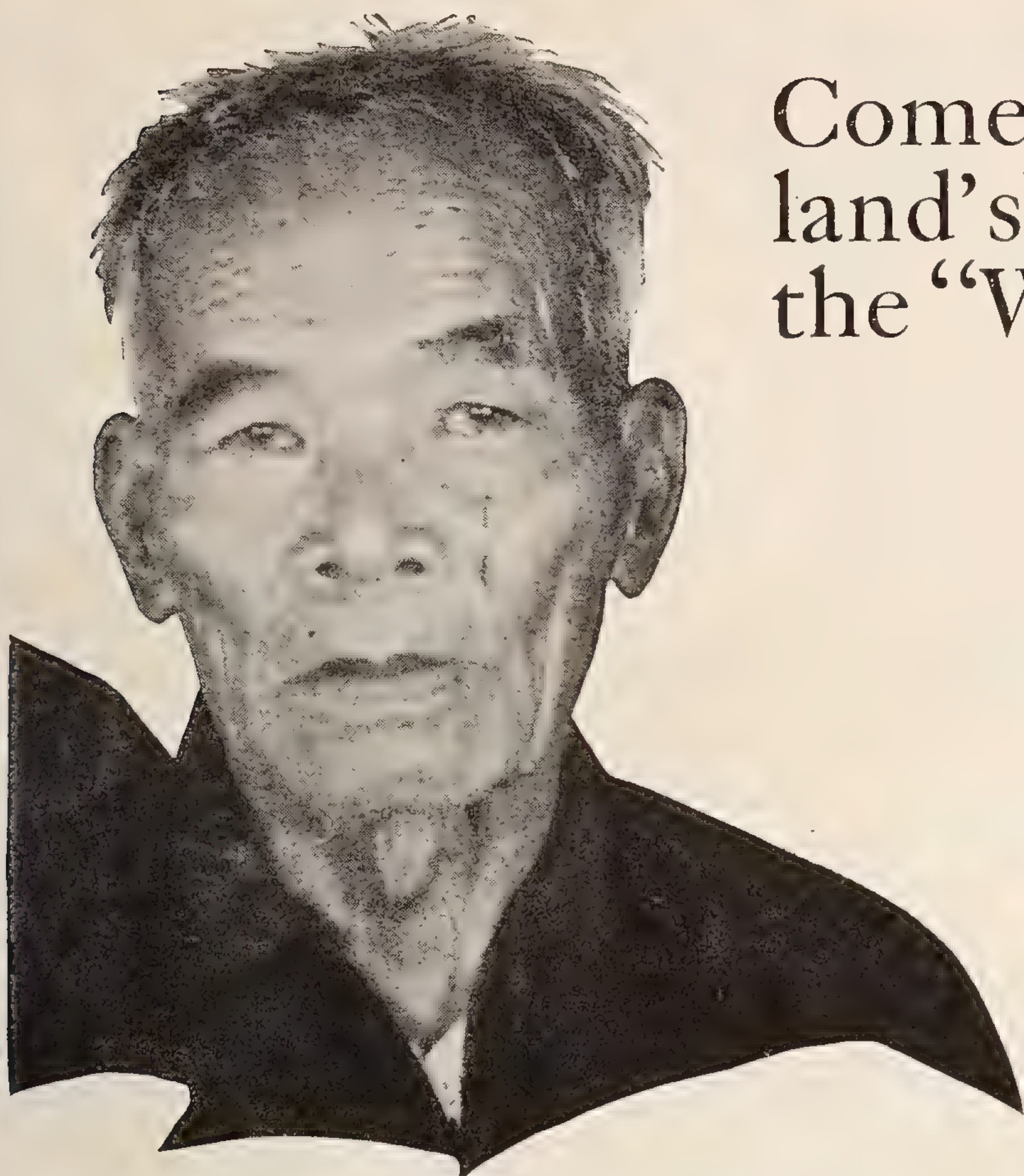
"They never let you alone, do they?" I asked.

Harold laughed. "No, and when I get home there are a thousand and one questions to answer and papers to sign about that bungalow I'm building on my hill."

The 'bungalow' is what most people would term a mansion. It has about twenty rooms, all large, all with a superb view of the city, hills and ocean. To be really in the hills of Beverly is a most ideal heritage. The canyons of California, particularly after the rains, are intoxi-



# With Harold Lloyd



☞ Harold with a member of the supporting cast of his new picture of Chinatown.

## Come Along With Screenland's Location Lady to the "Welcome Danger" Set

cating retreats. Then the pungent sweetness of the wild, yellow azalea fills the air, and stretches of purple lupins and native poppy color up the landscape. There are carpets of yellow violets and tiny cream-colored flowers that look like miniature oriental poppies, only they aren't. And dozens of other flowers that I don't even know the names of!

"All ready, Harold," said Mal. Harold stripped off his leather coat and entered the scene. A wind had started up again and the lanterns were jiggling, ropes from the latticed screens of the balconies were fluttering and a state of confusion prevailed generally. After a few minutes' wait Harold became curious because the cameras hadn't started to grind.

"Hey," he sang out. "What's the holdup? It's cold out here."

"The wind's blowing," said 'Dude' Lundin, head camera man.

(Continued on page 105)



☞ Harold invites you to watch him cavort under Mal St. Clair's direction in a sequence for "Welcome Danger." Barbara Kent, the leading lady, is the kid with the cap at the right!



# The PAJAMA

The Picture Girls Approve  
the New Vogue



☞ Evelyn Brent's pajamas are as modern as Evelyn herself.

☞ Raquel Torres contributes the Mexican influence and Hollywood likes it.

☞ Alice's are satin and lace and demure and White.





# PARADE

## Hollywood Embellishes the Pajama Idea

☞ *Olive Borden's pajamas have designs—well, who wouldn't have designs on Olive?*

☞ *Nancy Carroll, right, didn't know she was going to be included in this parade. She says we'll have to excuse her while she goes and puts on her other pajamas!*



☞ *Anita Page wears these lounging pajamas and that wicked wink to the beach. Don't overlook the very latest in modern metal beach chairs—that is, if you can tear your gaze from Anita long enough.*





# In New



☞ Above: Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and his bride, Joan Crawford. Next, Claire Luce, who's just signed for talkies. And Mae Murray, coming back to the screen after a long absence.

## ☞ *Hollywood Stars that Shine on Broadway*

**J**OAN and Doug Junior! I want you to meet them. I know you'll like them as much as I do. Of course, Manhattan is pretty keen about these kids, because they chose to come east to be married. I wonder how Hollywood feels about that?

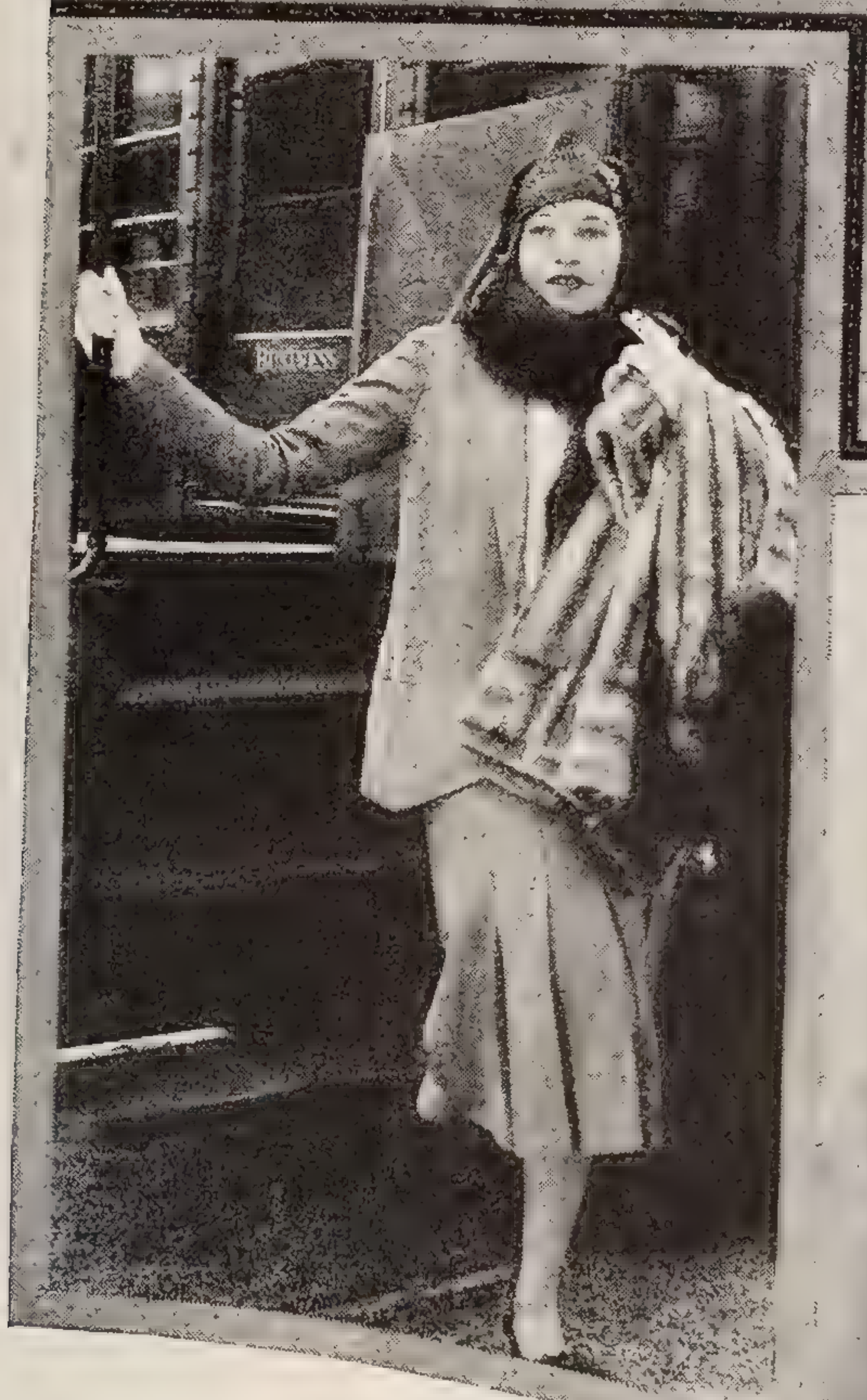
Young Doug's mother, Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks, lives in New York, you know; and that's why the youngsters decided to be wed here. The whole thing is awfully romantic—even if, contrary to report, Joan and Doug planned the event before they left the west coast; it wasn't a last-minute decision when they arrived here. And while they were still in town, Doug's mother was married, too—to Jack Whiting, a very handsome and talented young musical comedy leading man. Isn't love grand?

Well, Joan is a complete surprise. She's so young, and impish, and freckled. Far from the sophisticated lady she sometimes seems to be in pictures, she is a gay little girl with a healthy coat of tan, an apparent disregard for frills and fuss, and a disarming honesty. She is madly in love with Doug and makes no effort to conceal the fact. No vampish tactics for her! No—"Kiss me, darling!" she cries when she feels like it. Young Doug obliges. "Give me a cigarette!" she says; and aside to me, "Watch this. Every time I ask him for a cigarette, he lights a fresh one and then forgets I asked for it and absent-mindedly begins to smoke it himself!"

The Junior Fairbankses stayed at the Algonquin where the senior Doug and Mary used to stay. And their sojourn reminded me for all the world of the triumphal tours of Mary and Doug some years ago. Crowds in the lobby; flowers; telegrams; page boys buzzing; reporters arriving and departing; the stars upstairs trying to find a moment to themselves amid all the mad rush. I think Joan and Doug Jr. enjoyed it all the first



# York



☞ Above: Corinne Griffith, leaving for Hollywood after her vacation. Then Camilla Horn, who has said good-bye to us for a while. Third, Richard Dix, who has signed with Radio Pictures.

## By Anne Bye

few days. But soon it became almost too much for them. After all, flattering and soothing as adulation is, after a while it palls, and the cry is for peace and quiet. Joan autographed literally hundreds of pictures—and each one with the personal touch. More than any other great star, she seems to get a genuine kick from her fan mail. She disregarded no request and when Doug Jr. told her about a little girl in a red coat who had been waiting downstairs for hours hoping to see her she phoned down and had the child paged and talked to her a long time—while personal friends waited.

Doug Jr. is an interesting young man. He's very tall and blond and casual. He went to school abroad, you know, and that may account for his rather amazing background. He's only twenty-two, yet he has the poise and mental outlook of a man of thirty-five. A bit of a high-brow, Doug—he yearns to do "L'Aiglon" and "The Jest" in talking pictures. He is different! Joan says so; he gave her her wedding ring, a slender diamond circlet, first; then when they were married he presented her with a huge diamond engagement ring! She gave him a beautiful platinum watch with diamond hands. And all visitors had to be shown the watch!

Joan looks forward to her first talking picture. She believes she is fortunate in waiting so long to make her talkie debut. "I've been able to stand on the sidelines and watch," she says sensibly. "And perhaps I've picked up a few pointers."

I asked Doug if they weren't sorry that their first picture together, "Our Modern Maidens," made them 'play opposite' other actors. Doug is a keen psychologist—and a good business man! "No," he said. "If Joan and I had played happy lovers in that film it would have taken the edge off the co-starring (Cont. on page 110)



# The Eyes

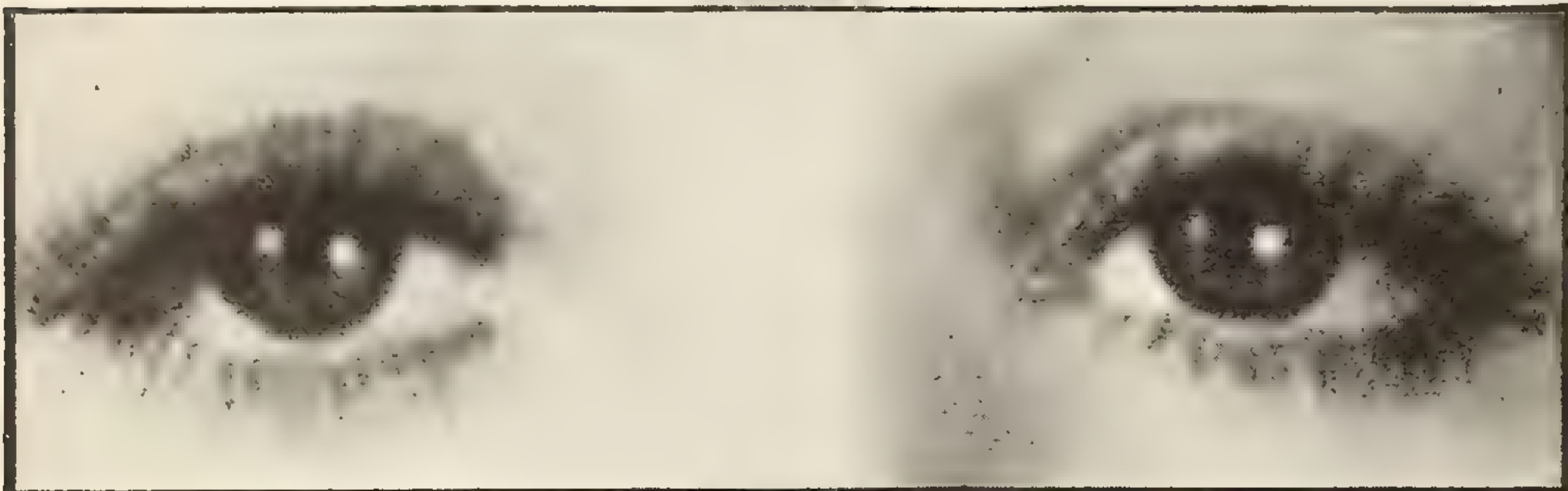
## Screenland's Charm Department



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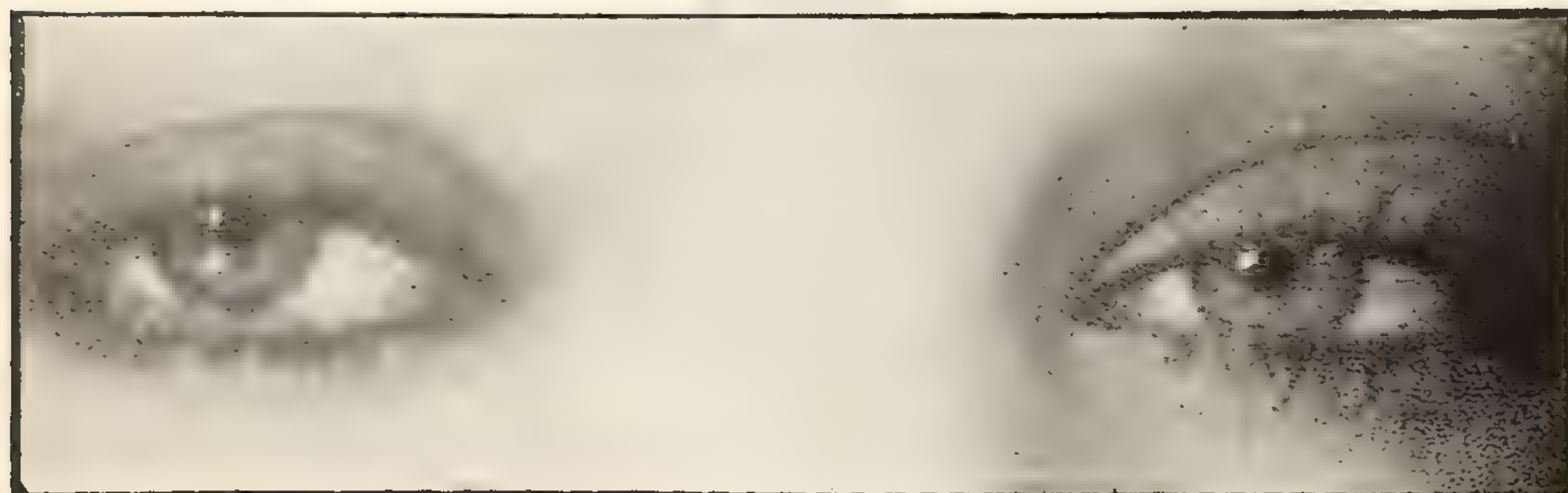
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THE poets who seem to be particularly susceptible to feminine charm and who talk about it, have given us some pretty good publicity on eyes. Noses, mouths, complexions and hair all have come in for praise from makers of verse, but they have given us no real help in telling us whether we are beautiful or in what way. In the matter of eyes, they are no better. We don't know whether they prefer eyes to be brown, blue, grey or green. We only know that the poor versifier has been rendered speechless by his adored one's beautiful orbs. The eyes have it!

When all is said and done, it is the youthfulness and the expression of the eyes that count more than color. The girl who is most admired has young, clear eyes. They may be languishing or laughing, quizzical or demure; they may be of any color, but they must shine from her face happily, the compelling charm of her personality. You can camouflage some of your features, but not your eyes. You can train your mouth to smile while you're seething with anger inside. You can brighten your pale cheeks or colorless lips with a discreet touch of rouge. But there's no camouflage for eyes dulled by fatigue and lack of care.

How disappointing, then, that hurried glance in the mirror as you add a hasty dab of powder preparatory to tea, dinner, or the dance. You wanted to look your radiant best. You wanted somebody's eyes to linger on you with just a bit of love and pride. But those tired eyes—they're a real giveaway.

And what to do? If you want your eyes to be young and brilliant, don't abuse them. You spend time and thought on your skin and hair, but how often do you think of the delicate nerves and muscles of your eyes? You play tennis in the blazing sun. You sit on a glaring beach. You motor long hours in dust, wind and sun-glare. You read or embroider in a poor light. A fatiguing day at your desk sends you home with aching back and head. These

☞ Eyes, eyes, eyes! Reading from top to bottom: 1, Alice White. 2, Olive Borden. 3, Betty Compson. 4, Greta Garbo. 5, May McAvoy. 6, Myrna Loy.



# Have It!

By  
*Anne Van Alstyne*

spasms of pain and annoyance register on the delicate skin and conspire to weave a network of unbecoming lines about your eyes.

The 'ounce of prevention' applies to the care of the eyes, as well as to the care of the skin. Cleanse your eyes as regularly as you cleanse your face. The eyes are just as open to dust and dirt as the skin of your face is. Rather than waiting for a large cinder to announce the fact, it is wise to wash the eyes after any exposure. Cleanliness is an important factor in eye beauty.

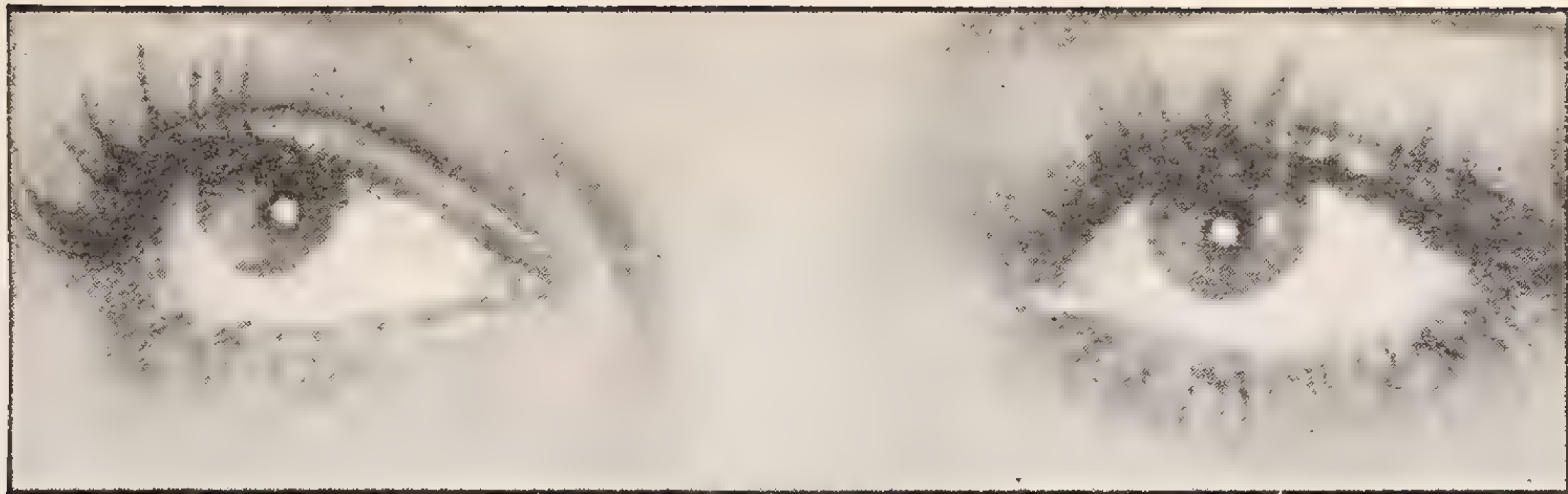
Choose a good eye bath that will cleanse the eyes thoroughly, and also serve as a tonic to strengthen them and keep them youthfully clear and sparkling. Buy an aluminum or glass eye-cup. When ready to bathe your eyes, fill the eye-cup half full of the solution, throw the head back, hold the cup pressed tightly against the socket and open and shut the eye at least a dozen times so it may be well bathed in the soothing fluid.

Cleanse the eyes in the morning, at night before retiring, and upon coming in from an outing, for comfort's sake. And if you are going out and want to rest and brighten your eyes, reserve ten minutes for an eye treatment for beauty's sake.

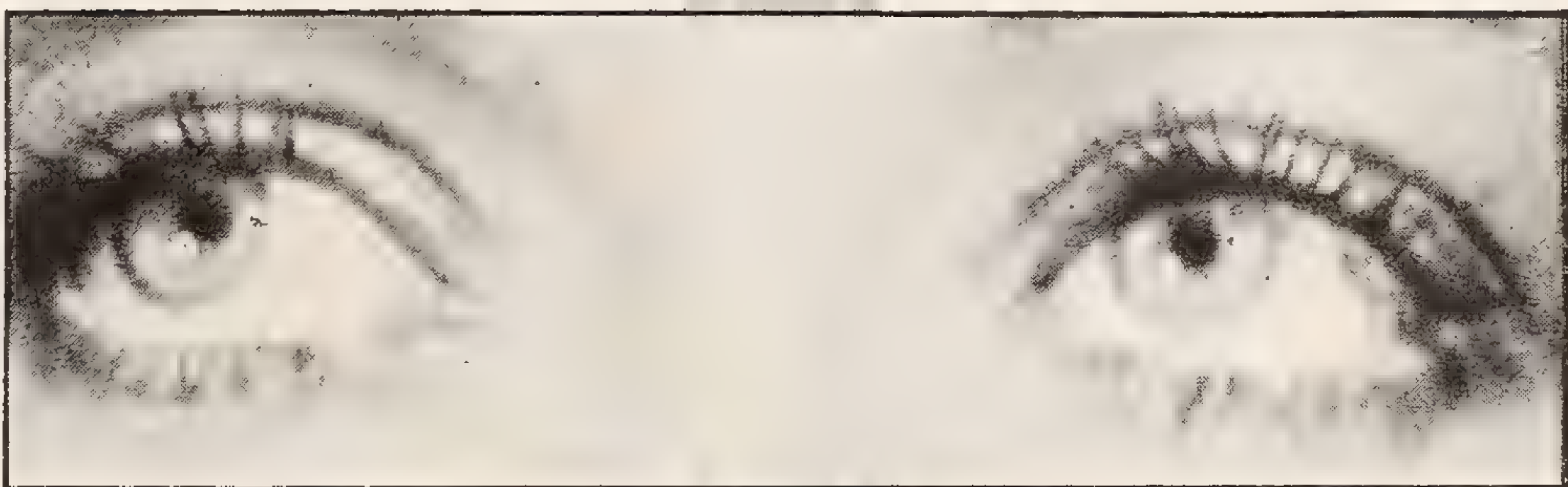
To cope effectively with the annoying fine lines due to fatigue or eye strain, keep on hand a nourishing eye-cream. After cleansing the eyes, mold the cream gently into the skin around the eyes and leave on for a few minutes. A good astringent should then be used. The most effective way to apply this is to use smooth pads of cotton. Squeeze these out in ice water and sprinkle well with the astringent lotion, then mold over the eyes. Relax for as many minutes as you can spare. Remove all traces of cream with the astringent. When you look in the mirror you will find that fatiguing lines have been erased, and that your eyes are clearer, larger, brighter. This is the quick, just-before-going-out (Continued on page 103)

☞ More eyes! Reading from top to bottom: 7, Dorothy Sebastian. 8, Marion Davies. 9, Clara Bow. 10, Eve Southern. 11, Baclanova. 12, Bebe Daniels.

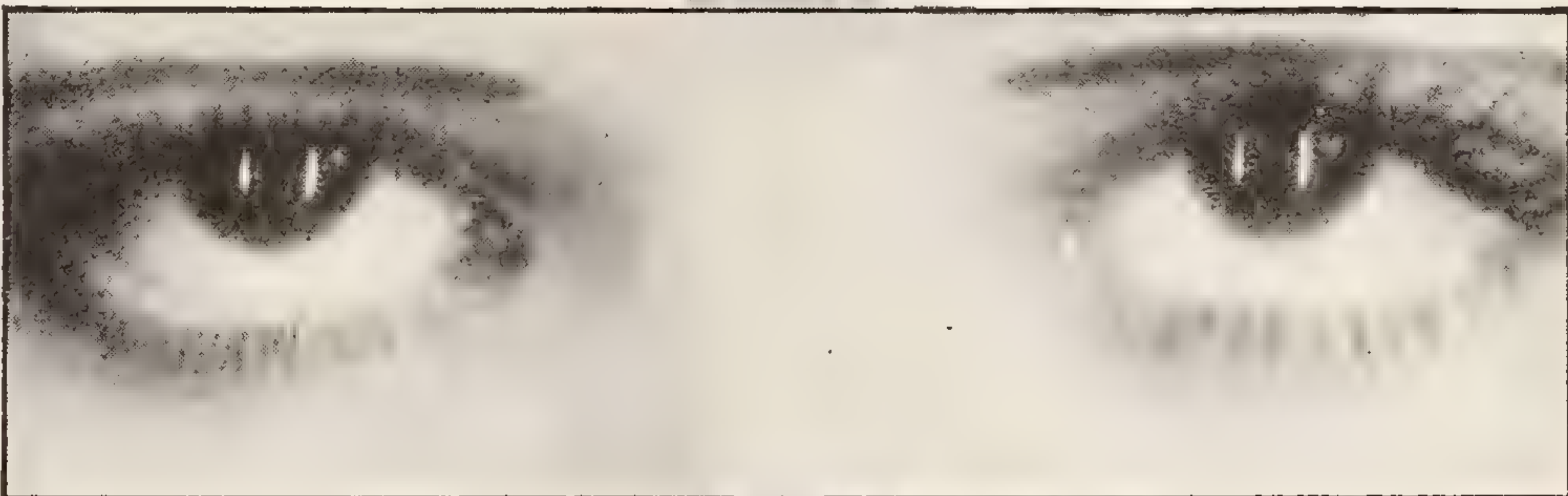
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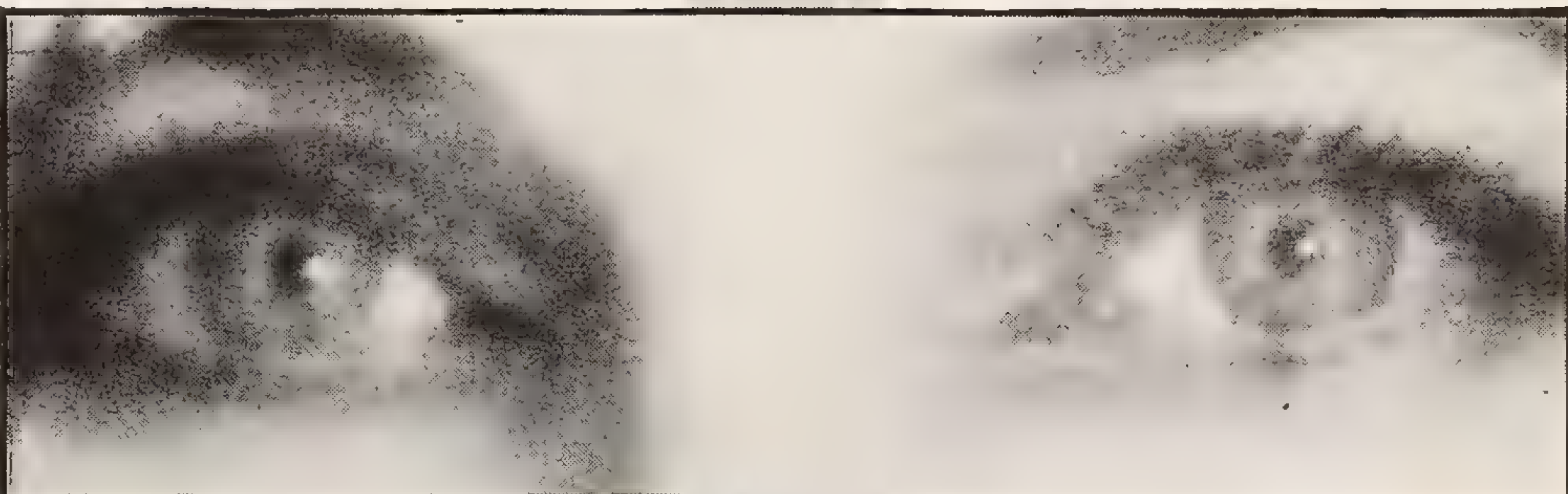
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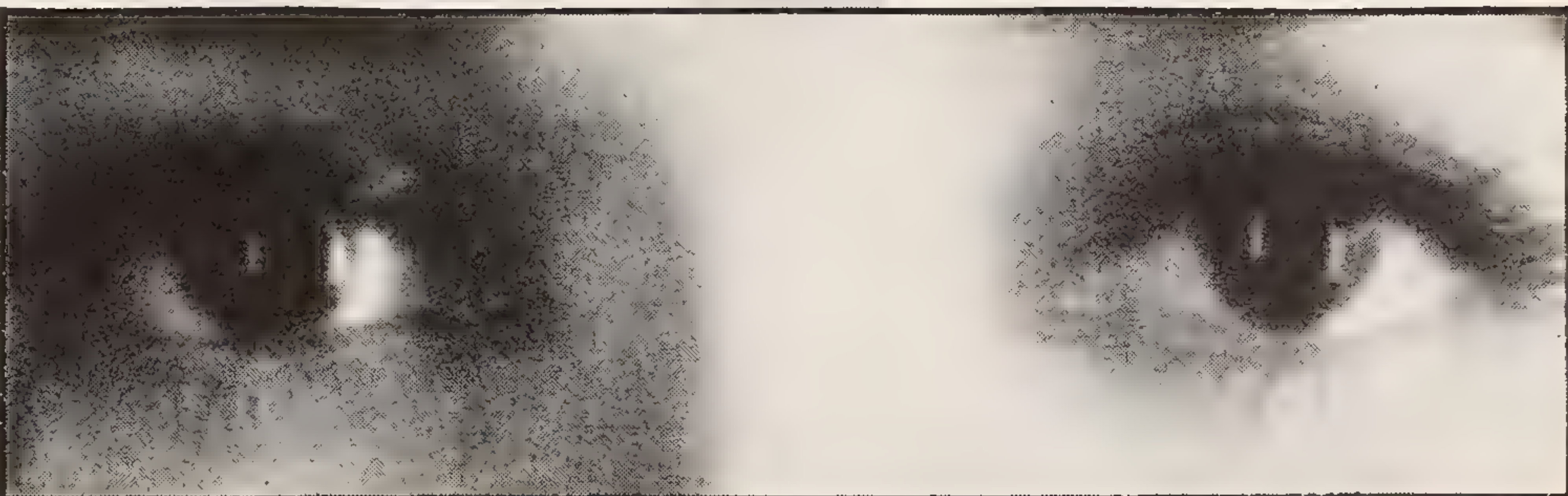
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11



12







Norma Shearer, says Adrian, has moulded herself skillfully and surely into one of the best-groomed women in America. Her screen clothes are designed by SCREENLAND'S Fashion Editor.

FIVE years ago Hollywood could never have set the styles in spite of repeated emphasis about its gorgeousness and originality. It was ridiculously clinging to the sort of gown more suggestive of a drapery department's most impressive efforts than a really smart woman.

Bad taste was running rampant, insinuating itself into practically every star's life, because the pictorial was more important than smartness; because chic was unnoticed and a tawdry grand manner the thing. It was all due to bad taste, lack of knowledge with too much money to spend.

Today, for the first time, Hollywood

# DOES HOLLY-

## Five Years Ago Bad Taste was Running Rampant in Hollywood. To-day, for the First Time, the Film Capital is Becoming of Value to the Fashion World

really has a chance of becoming of value to the fashion world. Women of taste are arriving in the midst of the obviousness and are impressing the rightness of simplicity upon the staring and rather tired-out motion picture fashion-plate.

There is no such thing any longer as that bugaboo, 'dressing for the screen.' That died with over-acting and red plush and gold rococo furniture!

One does not need to spend one's time creating revue clothes for private life.

People who created for motion pictures spent too much time creating effects and too little time creating smartness. To be sure, a great many of the bad gowns one sees in motion pictures is because the director demands smartness without knowing what smartness is. His background may not always correspond with the real meaning of the word and his idea of a smart woman may be more Broadway than Park Avenue; but generally speaking the motion picture now has a chance to do really smart things.

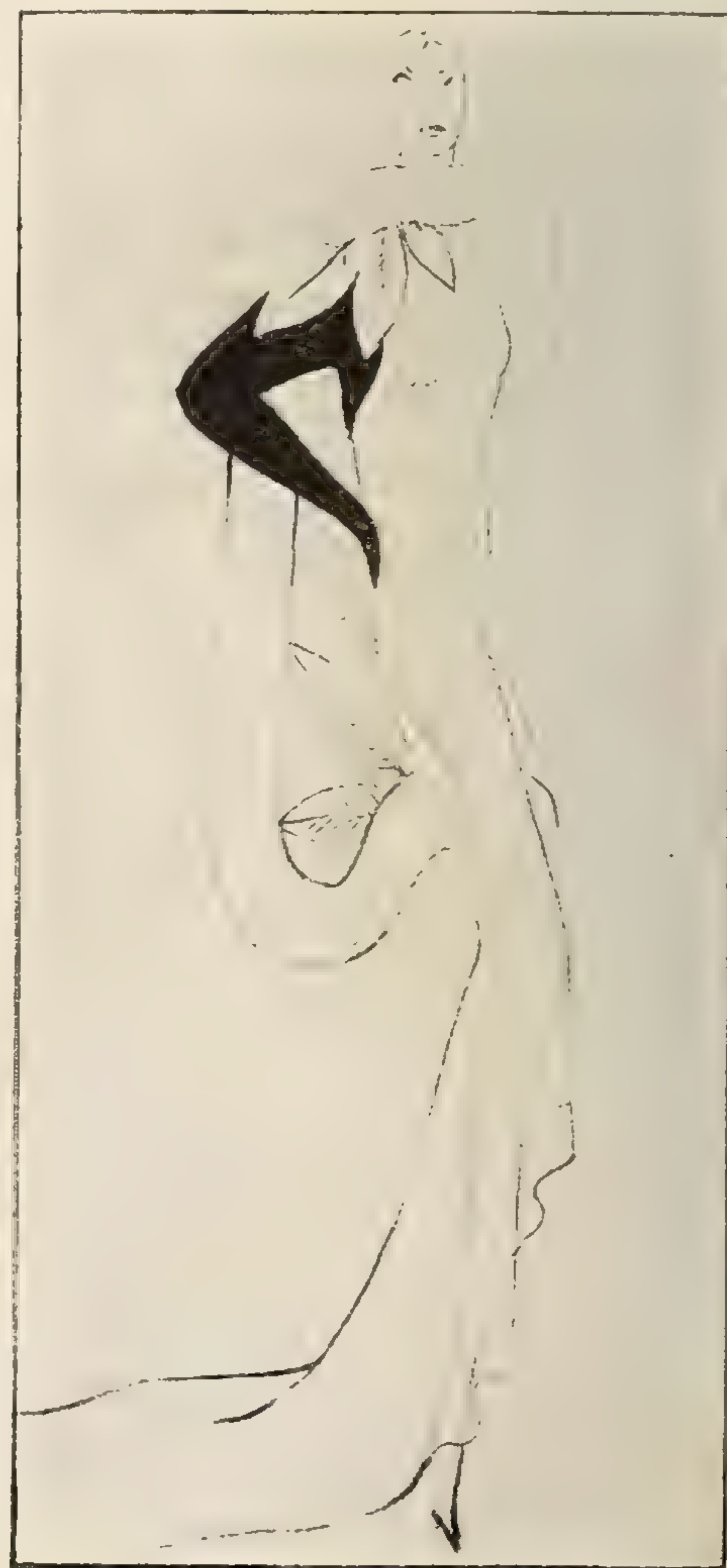
The first reason is because a few motion picture stars *know* smartness and insist upon it regardless of the director's or any other's influence. Another reason is that stage actresses are usually better dressed—not more grand, but more elegant, more distinguished. The influx of stage actresses to Hollywood has brought about an interest in the gown depending upon its line and cut rather than its explosive powers in the form of trimmings or bizarreness.

Personally I am grateful for the arrival of the stage actress. Hollywood has needed someone who could raise eyebrows at the tight-fitting 'burlesque' costumes so prevalent here, and ask "But why?" Surely they are not more alluring. Tightness until it reaches practically a bursting point always makes the wearer look as if she were spilling over the top!

If it is bad taste to be conscious of one's clothes in real life it is equally bad to be thinking about their effect on the screen.

When we can become absolutely unconscious of clothes and of the camera we can have smartness, just as when a star becomes absolutely unconscious of the microphone we can have genuine acting.

The stage has never lacked its gowns with dramatic fire, yet it has depended more upon subtlety than a 'knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out' crudity which seemed to be the only *raison d'être* in motion pictures.





# WOOD SET THE STYLES?

By Adrian

Screenland's Fashion Editor

Three years ago Greta Garbo's clothes were the acme of the most artificial and forced manner. Their artificiality was supposed to maximize the intensity of the situation. Today Garbo is gowned conservatively and with restraint. Many of the same situations are in evidence and the fact that she looks human and genuine in no way halts the intensity of the drama. There is no doubt that she has become a reality recently, whereas in the past she was a curiosity. Her elusiveness has not been obliterated because it is impenetrable anyway. Through really genuine dressing she has survived and continues in the manner of today.

Norma Shearer has moulded herself skillfully and with unfaltering sureness into one of the best-groomed women in America. She could be picked up on Hollywood Boulevard by an airplane and dropped in Place de Vendome without apologies, which is more than can be said of many of Hollywood's stars—simply because they specialize in emphasizing their lack of inter- (Cont. on page 102)

## CONSULT ADRIAN, FASHION EXPERT

Adrian is an authority on feminine fashions. He is one of the most celebrated designers of women's clothes in the world. Every month in SCREENLAND he discusses style problems of interest to women everywhere. If you wish expert advice on the subject of dress write to Gilbert Adrian and he will be glad to give you the benefit of his sound experience and excellent ideas. He is the official costume designer for such stars as Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford. Address: Adrian, SCREENLAND'S Fashion Department, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

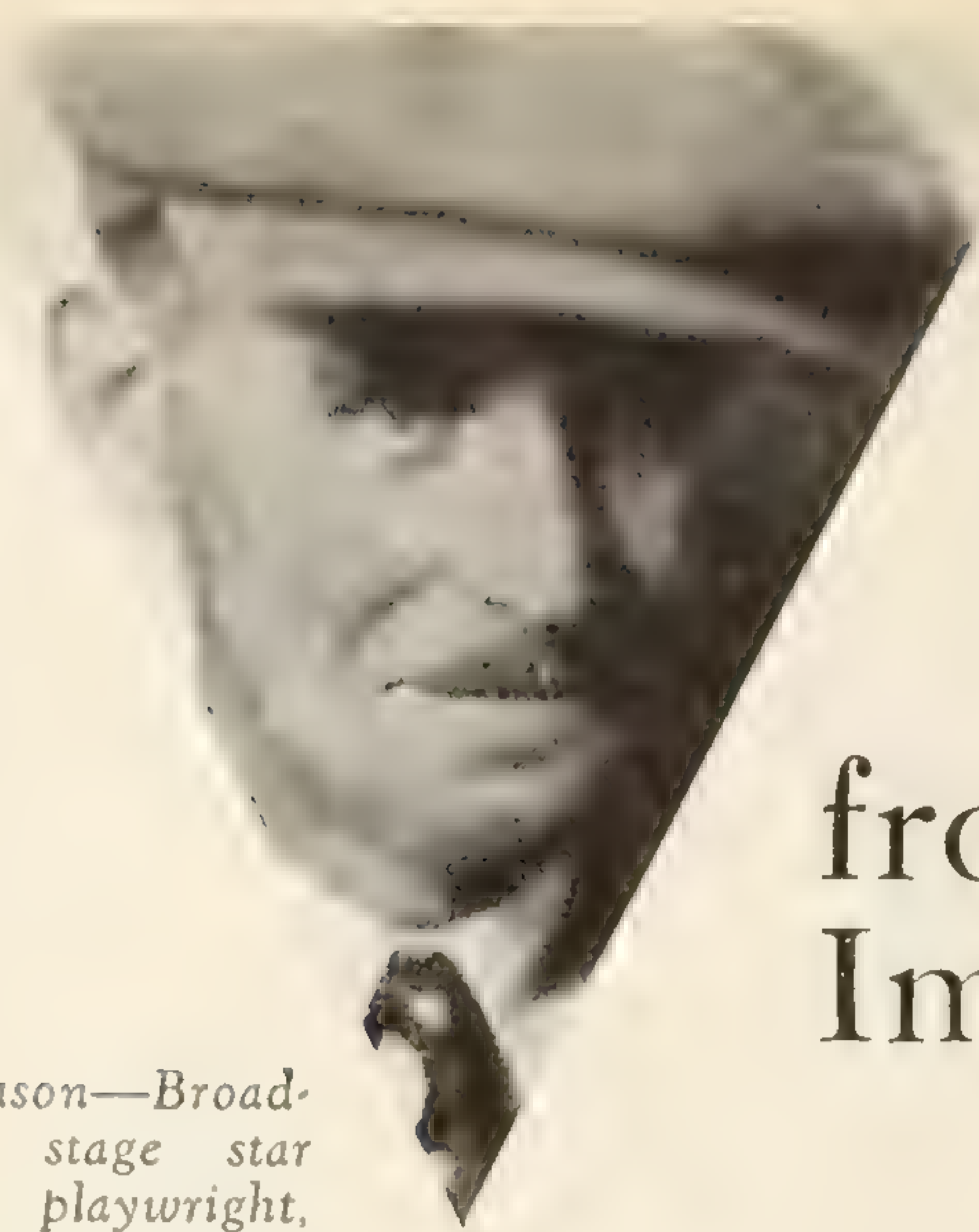


Ⓒ Right: Adrian and Greta Garbo. He says of her: "Three years ago Greta Garbo's clothes were the acme of the most artificial manner. Today she is gowned conservatively and with restraint."

Ⓒ The two Adrian drawings illustrate the good and the bad in Hollywood style. No longer do Hollywood women gown themselves bizarrely, as in the drawing across the page. They prefer the more simple and tasteful type of gown shown in this drawing.







# HELLO,

## James Gleason, a Big Boy from Broadway, Gives His Impressions of Talkie Town

☞ Gleason—Broadway stage star and playwright, now writing and acting for the films.

“WHEN you get out to Hollywood, look me up,” James Gleason is writing these days to his friends in New York. “You won’t have any trouble finding me. I’m the only guy here with long pants.”

It is true the popular comedian and playwright has shifted his stamping ground westward from Broadway to Hollywood Boulevard in order to write, direct and act in pictures. But he has not succumbed to the film capital’s love of knickers.

“The men out here seem to think the big way to show they are citizens of Hollywood is to wear short pants,” grinned Gleason. “It doesn’t matter whether they have limbs of an Adonis or limbs like apple tree branches. They all wear ‘em. And don’t think for a minute that the knicker fad is limited. Oh my, no. They wear them to ‘first nights,’ to dinners. You bump into them everywhere on the legs of our best people.”

“The next time I’m invited to be master of ceremonies at a movie premier, I have given everybody fair warning I’m going to wear a Tuxedo and a pair of golf pants. Everybody will laugh at me, of course. They won’t see that it’s me laughing at them!”

In practically every respect, New York and Hollywood are as far apart as the continent that divides them, says Jimmy Gleason. Take the girls of the two cities, for instance.

“New York has beautiful girls. Hollywood’s girls are healthy-looking young creatures — potential beauties but lacking the chic which the New York girls possess.”

According to Gleason, a stranger coming to Hollywood very often feels like an interloper. There is so much of everything. If you have a diploma from New York, you are all set for success in the film city. Otherwise, you are just another Hollywoodite with day-dreams of fat money bags and applause.

“New York gives a person the comfortable feeling of being wanted and welcome,” said Gleason. “I say this in spite of all that has been said about the loneliness and unresponsiveness of the Big City. I would like to recommend New York to the young person trying to get a foothold in the acting or writing professions. Be quiet, I am not hired by the New York Chamber of Commerce as a ballyhooer. Hollywood is a great place for the person with money. But New York is the best training ground I know of.”

“You can drop in the library building almost any hour of the day or evening and listen to lectures on really worth-while subjects. Not some-

☞ “When you get out to Hollywood, look me up,” Jimmy Gleason is writing these days to his friends in Manhattan. “You won’t have any trouble finding me. I’ll be the guy with the long pants!”

☞ James Gleason is technically the head of the family, but the real boss is Lucille Webster Gleason. She is a clever actress and witty writer; co-author of “The Shannons of Broadway” and “The Shannons of Hollywood,” and one of the most popular hostesses in all Hollywood. Russell Gleason is a promising young actor under contract to Pathe for a series of pictures.





# Hollywood!

By  
Nancy Smith



“He is a star on Broadway and now Hollywood is claiming him for her own.”

“I think I’ll just be a Hollywood-to-New York commuter,” remarks Mr. Gleason. “In that way I’ll be sure the California rose bushes are watered and I’ll be on hand for our Broadway first nights”

“The three Gleasons in the patio of their Beverly Hills home.”



thing useless like the sex life of the polyp or a dissertation by a mushroom faddist. But something that will give you a boost along the line you are following.”

Hollywood Boulevard might just as well be the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway these days, says Jim. Talking pictures are a powerful magnet. The best material in New York’s theatrical world is being picked up from The Great White Way, whisked 3000 miles across the continent, and set in front of Hollywood microphones.

The group of New Yorkers who have ‘turned Hollywood’ increases with each transcontinental train that steams into Los Angeles. Sooner or later these New Yorkers meet at one of the famous Gleason Sunday morning breakfast parties. Ralph Morgan, Elizabeth Risdon, Frank Faye, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Harding, Harry Bannister, Wells Root, Al Jolson, Irving Berlin and Arthur Caesar are frequent callers at the Gleason’s hillside estate.

Mrs. Gleason, known always as a charming hostess whether within the four walls of a New York home or the unbounded area of a Hollywood patio, has introduced something new in luncheon parties.

“After luncheon Lucile lets her guests enjoy a shampoo or amuse themselves in any way they wish,” explained Gleason, who has never got over being amused at the luncheon party innovation of his wife’s. “It’s not at all unusual to see half a dozen ladies dotting our garden, drying their locks. I wouldn’t be at all surprised to come home some afternoon and find them all playing jacks on the stone flagging in the patio. Informal, you know—like East Forty-ninth Street! Only much grander.”

Practically the entire cast of “Strange Interlude” were old New York friends of The Gleasons. The production played for part of its run in the Hollywood Music Box Theater. This theater is located on Hollywood Boulevard at the foot of the hill where the Gleasons live. It became a very usual sight or the Gleason limousine to be waiting outside the theater during the dinner hour intermission to take the players up the hill to the Gleason dining-room for a dinner table reunion.

“Harry Bannister said that ‘Strange Interlude’ came to have a new meaning for him,” laughed Gleason. “You can imagine how eating dinner from a hillside dining-room during the intermission of the O’Neill play would be something new and delightful to a New York actor.”

Hollywood is the most glorious place in the world as a background for home life, declares Jimmy Gleason. Film work has meant more regular hours for the Gleasons. They are a family who loves to be together, whether working (Continued on page 112)



# Let's Go to

"Is It Worth Seeing?" is the Question Every-Silent. Let Screenland's Revuettes Guide You

## *Honky Tonk*

You've heard of sermons in stones, but Sophie Tucker is the only jazz-shouting mama who can put over sermons in songs and make you like it. This picture brings the real Sophie to us—the big, voluptuous figure, the big, voluptuous voice, and a heart that matches both curves and contralto. The story is poor: about a night club mama who sings to drunken crowds so daughter can have a continental education. But Sophie did what she's been doing on the stage for 20 years. She put so much heart into her husky singing and talking that the first night audience was alternately weeping and roaring. Lila Lee, as the daughter, and Mahlon Hamilton, as a waiter in love with Sophie, did good work. But when Soph struck up "Red Hot Mama" and "Some of These Days," everything faded out but Tucker. It was her big night!



## *Two Weeks Off*

Dorothy Mackaill, who seems to be stepping out these days, plays the rôle of a sales-girl away on her vacation. At the beach she meets with Jack Mulhall, a plumber, who gets identified as a movie star. It requires endless feet of film to inform you that despite his plumber's plunger, Dorothy loves him still. Eddie Gribbon, Jed Prouty, and Gertrude Astor are good.



## *College Love*

Collegiate? I'll say. Love? Ummm! If college is like this new talkie, a lot of high-schoolers can look forward to Life's Great Thrill. A bunch of your old friends: pretty Dorothy Gulliver, handsome George Lewis, and that sex-appealing juvenile villain, Eddie Phillips, backed by a hummin', playin', struttin' Collegiate Quartette, make "College Love" amusing.



## *Constant Nymph*

This English prize-winning picture taken from Margaret Kennedy's popular book has been sensitively conceived and directed. The one great drawback of the film is that it's silent. As a talkie it would have been magnificent, since it deals entirely with music and musicians. Ivor Novello, as the thoughtless composer, and Mabel Poulton, as Tessa, are splendid.



## *The One Woman Idea*

A nice, old-fashioned romance about a Persian Prince, Rod La Rocque, in love with a beautiful English lady, Marceline Day, married to a bounder, Douglas Gilmore. Of course, friend husband gets killed off and Marceline falls into the princely arms. Miss Day plays a dual rôle, doubling as a half-caste dancer. Both characterizations are clear-cut.



# the Movies!

body Asks about a Motion Picture, Sound or to the Worth-While in Screen Entertainment



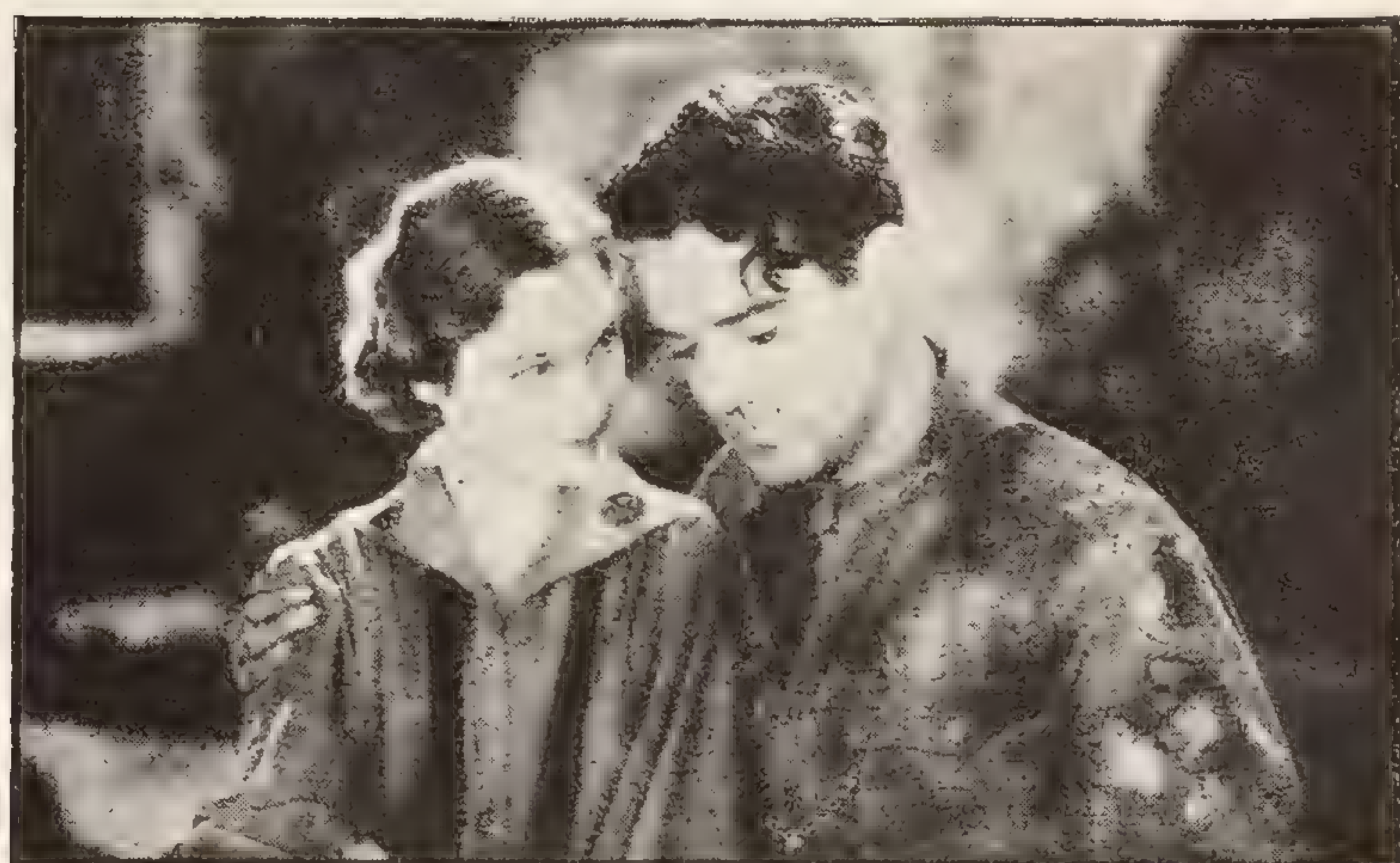
## *Behind that Curtain*

From the Saturday Evening Post's splendid detective serial by Earl Biggers, this is a distinguished talking picture, sensitively directed, finely cast and acted in finished fashion, down to the smallest bit. Lois Moran, as an English heiress, elopes with a cad. Warner Baxter, a renowned explorer, loves Lois. When unfaithfulness, blackmail, and finally murder drive her away from him, she joins Baxter's camel cavalcade, and crosses the great desert with him, thus starting a flame of action which sweeps half across the world. It's seldom an actor can realistically translate to his audience the profound passion of love. This Baxter does simply and movingly. Lois lives up fully to the promise given in "Stella Dallas." Philip Strange, Gilbert Emery, Claude King, and Boris Karloff contribute excellently balanced performances to one of the sincerest screen efforts of the season.



## *The Big Palooka*

Have you ever wondered how spaghetti would sound if it were eaten in talking pictures? See "The Big Palooka" and you will hear Harry Gribbon vocalize this well-known victual. It's a new note in the comedy scale. In addition, Thelma Hill, Andy Clyde, bricks and a shotgun wedding give a new Mack Sennett version of "Get Your Man." All-talking, fast-moving.



## *She Goes to War*

Eleanor Boardman, hoity-toity society girl, goes to France looking for glory. She winds up a heroine, taking her cowardly lover's place in the line-up, accidentally killing *Fritzi*, machine gunner. Big kick comes when the enemy start rolling liquid fire on helpless Yanks who crowd into tanks which soon become red-hot and pass through flames to safety. A good cast.



## *Studio Murder Mystery*

This hodge-podge of comedy and tragedy isn't such a thriller but you'll like it because it's shot almost entirely 'back stage' on the Paramount lot in Hollywood. An actor is shown unsuccessfully rehearsing a murder scene. Shortly afterwards four people threaten him with murder. At midnight he is killed! Warner Oland and Neil Hamilton steal the show.



## *Father and Son*

This interesting talking picture with Jack Holt as the father and ingenuous little Mickey McBan as the son is concerned with what happens when Papa goes to Paris and returns with Dorothy Revier, as a stepmama for Mickey. The once-happy household becomes embroiled in a murder. Miss Revier and Mr. Holt are excellent, and Mickey is appealing.



# Give a Thought to Father! He's All Right, Too

☞ *Right: William J. Cowen, Radio Pictures director, with his daughter, Joyce Antonia.*



☞ *Below: Alan Hale, master villain, amusing his four-year-old heiress, Karen.*



☞ *Above: one of the most famous father-daughter combinations in the world: Richard Barthelmess and his pride and joy, little Mary Hay Barthelmess, in the garden of their Beverly Hills home.*

## O H,

☞ *Left, below: Milton Sills with his small son, Kenyon, and Mrs. Sills. Below: Noah Beery and Noah, Jr.*





# Some Famous Picture Papas in their Favorite Rôles



☞ Fred Niblo, famous director, with his children—Loris, age seven; Peter, age five, and Judith Beryl, age one. Their mother is Enid Bennett, the popular actress.



☞ Left: Conrad Nagel with Ruth Helms Nagel on Conrad's yacht.



☞ Below: Monte Blue and his hobby, Baby Blue, otherwise known as Barbara.

## DADDY!

☞ Below: director Millard Webb and his little daughter. Right, below: Jean Hersholt and young Allen Hersholt.





# H O T

# f r o m



☞ Hot dog! Carol Lombard, Diane Ellis and Little Bum, their mutual pet.

LOUISE FAZENDA has gone to Alaska for her vacation. The last time I saw her I had just returned from a location in Lone Pine. "The best I can do in the way of a location," Louise said grimly, "is Yuma in July!" Everybody howled. Yuma in summer is a synonym for the place where all naughty people go. Louise would pull a joke like that on herself.

She had brought the most luxuriant-looking angel food cake, covered with an inch-thick creamy icing. All the fortunate ones got a piece and the ones left over got cookies. Louise's cookies are something to write home to mother about, too. Husband Hal Wallis is lucky and he knows it. I spent an evening on the "On With the Show" set with Louise, just to see the color and costumes. Hal came to go home with his wife, but how do you suppose they had to work it? Louise had her car and he had his, so they drove along side by side as much as traffic would permit! Every once in a while he would turn on his big police spotlight just to let her know that he was still there.

"I can always tell when Hal is a mile away from me by that spot," Louise said.

\* \* \*

Speaking of cars, Nick Stuart has a new one, a swell Cadillac job. It is light fawn with the fenders and trim of a color suggestive of raspberries well squashed in cream. Nick is inordinately proud of it and drives his little girl friend Sue Carol about a lot. We all went to a picture together and after it was over, dipped in to the Pig'n Whistle for a sundae. Sue had a fresh strawberry and I think Nick had a chocolate sundae—anyhow, he had been rather thoughtful and just as he was about to put a large spoonful into his mouth, he halted it in mid-air and said, solemnly, "Oh Sue, you are so cute. The more I see of you the sweeter I think you are!" and went on eating his sundae!

\* \* \*

Mary Brian's laughing voice floated with silvery sweetness out of her dressing-room window. Two visitors were startled to see

## Screenland's Department of News

the demure little star's head appear through said window and hear her shout: "Dick! Come here! Look at my pants!"

"Ohoo!" said the visitors, with a sharp intake of horrified breath. "And I thought Mary Brian was such a refined, nice girl!" Dick Arlen sauntered down the steps of his dressing-room, and Mary shook a pair of old fashioned pants at him, part of her costume in "Magnolia." "Aren't they a scream?" she cried. The visitors, I am happy to say, enjoyed a good laugh on themselves.

\* \* \*

Two little girls were laughing and joking with the rest of the chorus in a corner of the "On With the Show" set, while Betty Compson worried through the rehearsal of her tricky lines. An extra burst of mirth from the girls threatened the 'mike' with ruin. "Quiet, Sally



☞ Marilyn Miller comes to Hollywood to make "Sally" and is greeted by her mother and her father, Caro G. Miller, a Noble of the Mystic Shrine.



# HOLLYWOOD

## All the Talk from Talkie Town

O'Neil and Molly O'Day!" said an assistant. Sally giggled like a school-girl caught in a pillow fight. Molly stuck out a saucy pink tongue at him.

\* \* \*

The Ken Maynard outfit was ready to shoot the star with his pet horse Tarzan. Well, you know what I mean—it isn't just what it sounds like. The moving pictures will be the death of the English language. Anyhow, everything was all set, but although Tarzan had been called twice, he hadn't arrived. Ken looked out and saw his favorite and the five other palominos with their heads together.

Ken grinned. "Guess we'll have to move to the other set-up, boys. Tarzan seems to be in conference!"

\* \* \*

Girls and boys, you are going to see the New



☞ "Here's looking at you!" says Irene Bordoni to a caricature of herself done by Gourset, the famous French sculptor.

York Follies right in your home town. Yes sir! Sam Goldwyn is going to send them to you and Florenz Ziegfeld is going to put them together. You will see the most beautiful girls, the most beautiful sets, the most beautiful gowns, and hear the most beautiful music and the funniest jokes, just as New York does for ten dollars a throw! And there's going to be color, too—Technicolor! Better sharpen up your eyes so's you won't miss anything.

\* \* \*

Said to be the largest set ever constructed for a talking motion picture the concert hall sequence in "Lummox," directed by Herbert Brenon, was shot on the newest United Artists' sound stage. I guess they weren't lying either. It looked the largest I have seen and while I haven't been on every set of every picture, I have covered considerable ground.

A seventy-five piece symphony orchestra under the direction of Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld played several numbers, while a large audience of extras listened. Twelve cameras and heaven knows how many 'mikes' recorded the action and sound, while Winifred Westover, as *Bertha*, crept in and stood at the back, a pathetic, dowdy little figure, to listen to the great pianist whom she does not know is her own son. He is played by William Bakewell.

"I'm so nervous," said Winifred, offering me an icy little paw. "Do hold a good thought for me, won't you? I need as many as I can get. There isn't much to this bit, but it is a most important scene psychologically and everything depends upon my giving it just the proper expression."

I couldn't wait until it was over because of an appointment, but Winifred thought they would be working half the night. As I went out I asked one of Mr. Brenon's assistants whether they would or not. "What! When we're paying these musicians thirty-five dollars an hour? I guess not! We'll finish up at six, don't worry!"

\* \* \*

On the strength of Ben Lyon's ability as a flier and his recent pictures on this subject, he has had an offer to star in a series



☞ Richard Arlen and King Tut, the \$50,000 dog actor, reading the stock market reports. King Tut thinks the talkies are great—his bark registers 100%.



of flying pictures.

\* \* \*

Edwina Booth, the plucky little girl is in the African jungle for the filming of "Trader Horn," in which she plays the heroine, sent the following self-explanatory postal to SCREENLAND's correspondent:

"Isn't this glorious? Back to nature! No shopping. No white skirts! (She had tried all over Los Angeles to get the right kind the day before she left). Tomorrow begins my second week in Africa. Wish you were here to enjoy it all with me." (So do I, Edwina, my dear.)

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett) have started upon a seven-thousand-mile tour of America. Mrs. Niblo thinks it is about time. Their work has taken them to almost every other country in the world. This trip includes the United States and Canada.

It will be a second honeymoon, for they have left the children at home and gone just by themselves without chauffeur or maid. They will take turns driving and have a camping outfit so that they can, when they are in the humor for it, sleep and eat in the open that they both love. They also have a complete camera and graflex equipment and Mr. Niblo has his eye peeled for locations on the way. They are to be gone three months, then back to work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in September. It is Mr. Niblo's first vacation in three years.

Won't they have fun?

\* \* \*

Lon Chaney has a new Lincoln. It's a one passenger coupe, and it's grey. So has George Hill, only his is dark blue; and Dorothy Sebastian steamed into the MGM gate the other day as sassy as you please in a dark blue Chrysler coupe.



☞ Malcolm Stuart Boylan, chief title writer for Fox Films, at the telephone. "What's that, Mr. Sheehan? No more titles are required for pictures? All right, sir!"



☞ Malcolm Stuart Boylan wrote Films but he lights his pipe are here

There are six new Paramount stars! You know and love them all. They are Gary Cooper, Evelyn Brent, Richard Arlen, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton and William Powell. Three of them, Gary, Dick and Evelyn, are mourning over Paramount's decision which they fought for weeks. No fun being a star—too much responsibility. The only thing is the money and they all plan to save it.

\* \* \*

What happened I don't know, and no one will tell, but with Metro fighting for "Journey's End" for John Gilbert, and Sam Goldwyn fighting for it for Ronnie Colman, who should get the prize New York play of the year but Tiffany-Stahl! They don't know whom they are going to get to play in it, but they have it anyway.

\* \* \*

Eve Southern has recovered completely from the motor accident she was in months ago. One of those crazy drivers came dashing out of a side street and struck Eve's car, completely overturning it. She was in a plaster cast for weeks, but is now quite right again and everyone on the



☞ Anita Page takes her hand-blocked sports turban from her purse.



☞ It consists of two yards of fabric shirred on one side to fit over the forehead.





many good titles for silent Fox with them, now that the talkies to stay.



Malcolm Stuart Boylan is now writing dialog for talkies—and if he delivers anything as good as his "What Price Glory?" subtitles he can write his own contract!

But leave it to Bessie Love to do the clever thing! She appeared on the dance floor in a lemon moire gown that blended perfectly with her sun-tanned skin and golden hair. Her 'act' was a pantomime of a young person walking into a restaurant, waving to this acquaintance and that, powdering her nose, receiving an overture from an admirer to whom she had not been introduced, her surprise and complete ritzing of the young man, and haughty exit. She wasn't on the floor more than two minutes at the most, but it was a performance. Bessie has a way with her! Besides being an artist, she is a fine technician, and everything she does is intelligent.

\* \* \*

lot is delighted.

\* \* \*

Hollywood's Club de luxe, The Mayfair, which is held monthly at the Biltmore, closed its season for the summer. Filmland turned out en masse in the most brilliant attendance of the year. Renee Adoree and Robert Vignola were the two members of our party of interest to fans, Renee looking very beautiful in a close-fitting panne velvet gown. Her favor was a little porcelain dog that was having its tail bitten by a fly, and its expression was very droll. She named it Chico and took it home with her.

Evelyn Brent, all sun-tanned from her stay at Malibu Beach, looked perfectly fascinating in an ivory satin gown, very low in the back. And there were Irene Bordoni and Fay Bainter, both of whom have recently arrived in Hollywood to appear in films. There was June Collyer dancing with Buddy Rogers. Lina Basquette did a very clever solo dance. Bob Vignola asked Estelle Taylor why she didn't dance too, and Estelle said she didn't think she had better, because she didn't have on nice lace panties like Lina's.

In the beginning of "Four Devils" you will see a little girl who takes the part of Janet Gaynor when she was a child. Her name is Dawn O'Day, and you want to watch Dawn, as she grows up. A good many people think that she will be one of those who will last. There is a wistfulness in her face and an atmosphere about her that makes her stand out from the other three very talented children, among whom is Phillippe De Lacey.

Seven years ago Dawn did her first picture. She was three years old and her part was almost as long as that played by the star, William Farnum. Dawn was called temperamental on occasion. It was her first picture, she wasn't a very experienced actress, and there were times when things had to be explained to her by her director, Mr. Herbert Brenon. Then Dawn would decide that she just couldn't act, and would leave the company flat—the \$10,000 a week star, and all; and there was nothing that anybody could do about it!

Miss Garbo is not the first actress after all to say, "I go home now." Dawn's version was, "I am going to my



Then the scarf is wrapped around the head twice with the ends looped over.



And now you have a turban! Simple, isn't it?





☞ Vivian and Rosetta Duncan picking on a poor defenceless microphone. For no good reason—their voice tests are perfect.

dwelling-room." Mr. Brenon would coax, cajole, and use every means in his power to change the young lady's mind, to no avail.

One afternoon there was a thunder storm and it was very hot. Dawn hadn't had very much lunch, only some ice cream, and she was very tired. Her mother picked her up and said, "Never mind, darling, we will take a taxi home." And the baby, to whom this unknown luxury did not seem very inviting, wailed, "Oh, Mother, what can I do with a taxi?"

\* \* \*

If one has the privilege of meandering through the Paramount lot at will, one may find in the wardrobe department several items of interest. You remember a picture called "Blood and Sand," made a few years ago, whose star was Rudolph Valentino? Do you recall the famous matador costume, heavy with gold braid and

gaily colored silk? Well, it hangs there, and if you think that Rudy was any weakling, you should lift that costume! It weighs forty pounds. In another corner is a coat of mail worn by Wally Reid in "Joan the Woman," carefully marked and hung up on a peg, perhaps never to be used again.

Along with these of precious memory, are thousands of costumes worn in "The Ten Commandments" in the ancient sequence; the trick costume of Chester Conklin; the dog and cat that delighted you in "Peter Pan," and many, many others.

\* \* \*

Tom Jackson from Broadway will probably remain in Hollywood for some time, now that "Broadway" has opened. What a reception his splendid work received! Every scene of his was applauded enthusiastically. You will see him in his original part of the detective. Tom began his career as the *Property Man* in the original company of "The Yellow Jacket," during its initial run. Arthur Shaw, who is in the present revival, was the original *Property Man*, but he left the cast before the season closed and Tom succeeded him.

By the way, "The Yellow Jacket," the American classic written by George C. Hazelton and Benrimo, opened



☞ Asleep at the fish! Richard Dix snatches a few winks between catches, while on vacation between talking pictures.



☞ Dorothy Sebastian having the squeak taken out of her shoes so that she won't have a squeak in her talkie!

in the Los Angeles Repertory Playhouse with many of the film people present. Mary and Doug were there, and we also saw Jetta Goudal looking mysterious and gorgeous in a flame-colored, gold-embroidered velvet cloak that seemed to serve as a gown as well.

\* \* \*

There are some very clever children in Hollywood. One interesting family are the Johnsons—six of them—all in pictures off and on. Carmencita plays in almost every picture Victor Fleming directs. In one she was to be a Cupid, and she had an idea, because it was to be a fancy dress ball, that there was to be a very festive costume. Her hopes rose accordingly.

"Where is my costume?" she asked the wardrobe mistress, and when a bit of gauze was handed to her, her little face fell in disappointment. Looking it over for a few disgusted moments she said, "Well, I can tell you right now that Kenneth won't like it!" (Kenneth being her brother.)



The gorgeous Irene Bordoni has come to the films via "Paris," a picturization of the play she did on the stage. It's a talkie, in Technicolor, too. Irene was getting her first taste of sound-picture life out at First National the day I was there. Because of a few technical errors the scene had several false starts.

"Zees lights!" said Mlle. Bordoni. "I am dizzy! Do not register zat I am dizzy, will you?"

Zazu Pitts plays her maid. Just as Irene is slipping on a very gorgeous Chinese green gown the bell rings and she says to her maid, "Open ze door." The gown was very tight fitting, and being so occupied in trying to get into it she said, "Open ze dress!" and then burst out laughing, the scene being spoiled of course.

"I was so annoyed wiz ze dress—I got my lines all mixed up." Then Zazu forgot a word too, which made them even in the matter of spoiling scenes. Finally it was taken to the satisfaction of everyone; but the director let the camera grind on, while Irene wriggled and squirmed her way into the silken prison. Suddenly she said, "Well how long do I do zis?" Whereupon everyone laughed.

\* \* \*

Carmel Myers was married on June ninth at the



¶ Janet Gaynor writes her name in the cement of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, recently added to the William Fox chain.

Temple B'nai B'rith in Hollywood. The modern Hebrew marriage is a very beautiful ceremony. They don't promise to love, honor and obey for life, but they do promise to keep in their hearts the same friendship for the loved one that they now have. Surely that is putting as small a tax on restive human nature as one could expect in a contract.

May McAvoy was married on June twenty-sixth to Maurice Cleary. Hollywood has been going shower crazy what with Carmel and May. An interesting shower was given by Mildred Davis Lloyd to May at Mildred's new home in Beverly Hills that Harold Lloyd built for her, to which all the members of Our Girls club were invited.

\* \* \*

After a lapse of 21 years, Mike Donlin, a former big league baseball player, is back in talking pictures. On a Saturday afternoon in October, 1908, Donlin and his wife, Mabel Hite, put on their vaudeville act as a talking



¶ Glenn Hunter, star of the stage version of "Spring Is Here," greets Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who is to play in the talkie version of the same musical comedy.

film for the now extinct Cameraphone Company. Today the ex-ball player and vaudevillian is appearing in the cast of "Thunderbolt," a 100-percent dialog production. It is his first rôle in the modern audible pictures, although he has played parts in many silent films.

In that audible production made 21 years ago, Donlin and his wife first sang their songs, spoke their lines and did their tap dance for phonograph records. Then, while the records were played back again, they rehearsed their act to synchronize with the spoken words, the songs and the dance. When they had it down to a fine point, they did it before the cameras. When the film was released the phonograph records accompanied it. Starting of the picture and the phonographs was perfectly timed, resulting in fairly accurate synchronization. The film was made at the Cameraphone studio at 4th Avenue and 43rd Street, New York.



¶ Bebe Daniels christens the Hollywood-Reno air line said to be the fastest in the world. Captain Roscoe Turner assists at the ceremony.



☞ Sharon Lynn is one of the movie girls who is glad that Mr. Microphone is ruling the Hollywood studios. Fox Movietone gave Sharon her great chance in "The Fox Follies" and she sang and danced and vamped her way into the hearts of her audience. Yes—Sharon has arrived!

Photographs of  
Miss Lynn by  
Kahle.



☞ Miss Lynn had been in pictures for a long time in more or less inconspicuous rôles; but it remained for the talkies to bring her real fame.

# THE RISE of SHARON!





☞ *Lenore Ulric made her movie debut some years ago as every good fan will remember. But she deserted the studios for her first love, the stage. Now the films have found her again. She is the talking and emoting star of "Frozen Justice." She's come back home!*

*Photographs of  
Miss Ulric by  
Fox Films.*



☞ *She is an idol on Broadway as a Belasco star. Her art will reach new millions as a star in the talking picture drama. Welcome, Lenore!*

# LENORE~ Lost and Found!



# ASK ME!

*An Answer Department  
of Information About  
Players and Pictures*

☞ Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine please be patient and await your turn, but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

**M**ISS PERSONALITY of St. Louis. You'd like to reach Ronald Colman if he is very unhappy! I can't promise how unhappy you'll find him but perhaps your letter will cheer him up anyway. His latest picture, "Bulldog Drummond," is a sure fire hit with the fans, so I figure that everything is a little bit of all right for Ronald. You can write to him at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

D. E. G. of Rialto, Cal. West meets East and SCREENLAND makes the whole



☞ Cheer up, Ronald Colman—Miss Vee Dee's correspondents picked you for their pet male rave this month!



☞ Mary Pickford, always popular with Miss Vee Dee's department, surpassed herself this month, with more letters to her credit than any other star.

world kin. And I'm your great-aunt Sonny Boy. Lina Basquette is the wife of Peverell Marley, Cecil De Mille's cinematographer. She was born in San Mateo, Cal., on April 19, 1907. She has black hair and dark brown eyes. She played child parts on the screen at the age of 9 years. Later, at the age of 16, she was premiere danseuse of the Ziegfeld "Follies." In 1927 she signed with FBO and made "Ranger of the North." She played with Richard Barthelmess in "The Moose" and in Cecil De Mille's "Godless Girl." You can reach her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Renee, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y. Many thanks for your kindly interest in my complex. If I'd confess my age you'd say I didn't look it. My eyes reflect most any color—anything but black; that I won't stand for. You can reach Gary Cooper at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; Lon Chaney and William Haines at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gloriana from Vancouver, B. C. You've had your wish—we now have a loud speaking department for the fans and by the fans. Speak up. Gloria Swanson's next film will be an original by Edmund Goulding—the saga of a stenographer. "Queen Kelly" will be remade at some future time. Johnny Mack Brown is a native of Dothan, Alabama, born September 1, 1904. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is married but his wife is not an actress. He played in "Coquette" with Mary Pickford; and with Greta Garbo in "The Single Standard." You'll find Vilma Banky at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd.,

Hollywood, Cal. Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. After being a movie fan for twelve years, you find our magazine the best on the market—do I agree with you? I never dispute the word of a lady.

Anita from Stockton, Cal. It is true that several prominent screen players have answered their last call during the past two years, among them your favorite, Ward Crane. Others who played their last fade-out are, Arnold Kent, Larry Semon, George Beban, Fred Thompson and that 'grand old man,' Theodore Roberts.

Irish Kate from Manitowoc, Wis. Times have changed. We used to say, actions speak louder than words but the talkies have changed all that. We are now having our nerves stimulated with sound accompaniment. William Boyd is Elinor Faire's husband. He was born June 5, 1898, at Cambridge, Ohio. His first screen work was in 1919 as an extra in Cecil De Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?" He has blond hair, blue eyes and is 6 feet tall. Since "Doomsday" was released in January 1928, Gary Cooper has appeared in "Half a Bride" with Esther Ralston, "The First Kiss" with Fay Wray, "Lilac Time" with Colleen Moore, and "Shopworn Angel" with Nancy Carroll.

Elsie M. of Buffalo, N. Y. Who is happier than a satisfied subscriber to SCREENLAND? William Haines uses his own name in pictures. He was born January 1, 1900, at Staunton, Va. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. His first talking picture was "Alias Jimmy Valentine."





☞ Loretta Young, very popular with the 'Ask Me' fans.

Pat from Charlotte, N. C. I'm glad to welcome you to our cosy nook (printer, now don't you make that, crazy nook.) You read me to the last line, do you? What's the matter with the first line? Charles Farrell has been in pictures for five years; no stage experience. He was born August 9, 1902, at Onset Bay, Mass. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 182 pounds. Charles' notable films are, "Old Ironsides," "Rough Riders," "Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel," "Fazil," and "The River." Janet Gaynor was born October 6, 1906, in Philadelphia, Pa. She has red hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Her appearance with Charlie Farrell in "Seventh Heaven" was a sensation and established her well-deserved success. She has played in "Sunrise" with George O'Brien, "Four Devils" with Nancy Drexel, Barry Norton and Charles Morton, and "Street Angel" with Charlie Farrell. Her earlier films were, "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Pigs," and "The Johnstown Flood." Janet and Charlie are not married.

The Girl Friends from Duluth, Minn. You think Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are plenty hot but Gary Cooper just naturally burns you up—and Gary, with his usual tranquility, keeps on opening his fan mail! But does he answer the thousands of letters personally? Search me! I can tell you without batting one of my famous eye-lashes that I do not know his home address, but he will receive your letters at the Paramount Studios. Just

write him a bang-up-good letter and I'll bet he reads it. And he may even answer it!

A. M. from Kansas. A. M. post-cards just one question. Ask two the next time and letter it. Playing in "A Thief in the Dark" were, Doris Dawson, Gwen Lee, Marjorie Beebe, George Meeker, Erville Alderson, Michail Vavitch, Noah Young, C. M. Belcher, Raymond Turner, James Mason, Yorke Sherwood, Frank Rice and Tom McGuire.

Horace N. Y. of Farmington. One of the Maine events, aren't you? This is your first letter to me but see to it that it's not your last. In "The Poor Nut" Jack Mulhall was John Miller, Jane Winton was Julia and Glenn Tryon was 'Magpie' Welch. John Mack Brown played opposite Marion Davies in "The Fair Co-Ed." In "Sorrell and Son" Mickey McBan was Kit Sorrell as a child and Nils Asther was the adult Kit. Mary Nolan was the childhood sweetheart and bride of young Kit. May McAvoy was Esther in "Ben Hur."

Mrs. Helen E. C. of New York. With praise as sincere as yours and a boost so high SCREENLAND should sit on top of the world. Mah-ha-may! You can write Ruth Elder at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Paul Lucas appeared in "Wolf of Wall Street" with George Bancroft and Olga Baclanova. Mr. Lucas was born May 26, 1895, at Budapest, Hungary. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 182 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He had a very successful stage career in the large European cities before he came to Hollywood. He played with Billie Dove in "The Night Watch," with Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll in "Manhattan Cocktail," and with Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll in "Shopworn Angel." You can write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

C. E. P. L. of Oklahoma City. If I know my famous people and I think I do, Will Rogers came from your state. But where is Baby Peggy? My stars! How these little ones grow up, and Peggy is no exception. Greta Nissen appeared in "Fazil" with Charles Farrell and in "The Butter and Egg Man" with Jack Mulhall.

Betty of Piqua, Ohio. Too many letters ahead of you to get your request in the very next issue but think how lucky you are to break into print in this famous department. Sally O'Neil gets her fan mail at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Clara Bow's last pictures are, "Three Week-Ends" with Neil Hamilton and Harrison Ford, and "The Wild Party" with Fredric March. Write to Clara at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wm. A. K. from Halifax, N. S. So I'll hear a lot from you, will I? Can I depend on that? Gertrude Olmsted played opposite Richard Dix in "Sporting Goods"; but in "Easy Come, Easy Go" Nancy Carroll was the lucky girl who 'supported' Richard. You can reach Estelle Taylor at 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Her latest picture is "Where East is East" with Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez.

Roxie from Grand Rapids. You couldn't be busier than I am watching my vitamins and trying to collect my scattered thoughts. Ambrose, my landing net! Robert Frazer can be addressed

at 6356 La Mirada Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. He was born on June 29, 1891, at Worcester, Mass. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 168 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. His wife is Mildred Bright. William Bakewell is the youngster who made such a big hit in "The Iron Mask" with Douglas Fairbanks. He appears in the Warner Bros. natural-color, talking, singing and dancing picture, "On With the Show." With him you'll see Betty Compson, Sally O'Neil, Louise Fazenda, Joe E. Brown, Arthur Lake and several other favorites.

June from New Jersey. I'm happy to be your favorite answer lady so come on with your questions. I'm cuh-ra-zee about questions. Victor McLaglen was Spike Madden and Robert Armstrong was Salami, his rival and pal, in "A Girl in Every Port."

Mercedes from Orlando, Fla. I'm not familiar with prices on large photographs of the stars, such as you see outside the theater and in the lobby. Why don't you inquire at your nearest movie house? Mary Astor can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Virginia Cherrill, the blue-eyed blonde who is Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in his next picture, "City Lights," was born in Carthage, Ill., on April 12, 1908. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.



☞ Ruth Chatterton is practically new to the screen but she has been accepted by Miss Vee Dee's charmed circle and her rating is high.





*Ruth Harriet Louise*

## MEET MISS JOHANN!

**A**ND still they come! And when 'they' are as charming, as young, and as gifted as Miss Zita Johann, they're welcome to our city—Cinema City, or Talking Picture Town, or whatever you choose to rename Hollywood. Miss Johann scored a terrific hit in a play called "Machinal" which had a rather brief but artistic run on Broadway not so very long ago. Now Metro-Goldwyn has signed her to a contract to be featured in talkers. Here she is listening to a 'play-back' of her remarkable voice at the M-G-M Studio in California. You'll like Zita.



## Tricks of the Talkies—Continued from page 21

inmates merely hopped about and chirped a bit.

"It's their tin cages," decided the director. "They make such a noise the 'mikes' can't pick up the warbling."

You can't put rubber boots on canaries, so the cages were lined with felt. Still nothing doing.

A violin player who had had great success with obstinate songsters came over and played solos to them. No luck. A flute player arrived to charm them into melody. They sounded like a pen full of chickens.

Several big arc lights not required for a close-up in progress were pushed back out of the way and their warmth fell on several cages. This was in winter and the birds were shivering. Beneath the welcome rays of the arc lights, they plumed themselves and burst into song!

One of the difficult talkie shots in "Show Boat" proved to be that of Laura La Plante sobbing at a table with her head in her arms. The 'mike' simply couldn't catch her sobs, until the sound expert cut a hole in the table, put a small 'mike' underneath and covered the table with a thin cloth.

It seems to be agreed that a violent noise, such as a pistol shot, will wreck the recording system. Out at Universal they substitute a leather auto seat and a drumstick. At Pathé, a heavily draped, sound-proof booth has a tiny outlet through which a pistol is thrust to be fired within the booth. When they made the courtroom scene in "Coquette" at United Artists, the gun was fired into a barrel with the 'mike' at a determined distance.

But there's more in this than recording. Technicians may do their darndest and the result, shown in the studio projection room, may be perfect. But you may see the complete picture in a theater where the operator fails to follow his cue sheet and the best efforts will be lost.

With every sound film goes a cue sheet containing instructions for the theater operator. He is provided with a 'fader,' a dial with 15 points of amplification. Suppose most of the dialog is dialed for 8 points; a tender love scene may be run with instructions to 'drop the fader' (that means



Clare Kummer, the famous playwright, is now in Hollywood writing dialog for Fox Movietone productions.

operator shall dial to 5, 6, or 7, as specified). For loud noises, as thunder or shots, or for an exciting scene, he is instructed to 'raise the fader.'

The pistol shot in "Coquette" should be dialed at 15. If it sounded muffled when you saw the picture, you know what's the matter.

Sometimes the script calls for the simultaneous shooting of two scenes which are to be faded in and out. All very well in a silent picture but the dumb drama no longer flourishes.

In "Lummox," Herbert Brenon found it necessary to direct two scenes which were to be recorded simultaneously. Sets were built in adjoining rooms but the sound-proof camera 'cough rooms' (Mary Pickford's term) prevented the director from

viewing both at the same time. Mr. Brenon devised a dual set plan whereby he can guide voices and action on both sets with the aid of telephone and signals.

According to the story, *Lummox* (Winifred Westover) has been seduced by the poet son of the house where she works; as she goes upstairs, she can hear the poet's sister playing while his mother recites one of his poems. Voices and scenes can be faded in and out.

In "Big News," players had to talk above the clatter of typewriters, telegraph instruments and falling rain. The machines were deadened, because the real volume of sound would smash the vibrator; but they tried water on a tin roof. A battery of gatling guns couldn't have roared louder, so the rain was permitted to fall on a layer of felt.

Water is a ticklish element to the listening microphone. Some experts claim that a drum full of rice equipped with a screen and wheel will give any water effect desired. By running the rice over the screen at the proper tempo, waves on a beach, rain on a window pane or water in a fountain can be recorded.

For the scenes in "Coquette" where Mary Pickford runs across the brook the mikes were opened, but quickly closed when it was discovered that the babbling brook made a racket like the ocean surf. A prop boy stirring a barrel half full of water made the gentle murmur for which the director yearned.

A convict on Devil's Island sent Sam Goldwyn a practical little model of a guillotine when it was announced that Mr. Goldwyn was about to film "Condemned." Just a curiosity, until the sound experts began to prepare for the effects in the new picture. Then it was discovered that the real guillotine made many weird noises not associated in the public mind with the murderous machine, so the small model was set before the mike with advantageous result.

There's nothing the sound experts can't do.

They're clever.

Didn't I say so?

## The Swedish Sphinx Speaks—Continued from page 45

vacation, that someone wanted me to write an article giving advice to girls on how to break into pictures. Who am I to give any such advice? What could I say that would help any beginner to get a start? Marriage is another question that constantly springs from the lips of interviewers. I answered that once and for all a long time ago—I do not see how marriage and a professional career can be happily mixed. That is all there is to say, it has been said and repeated—but still the questions keep coming. And the very next time I am interviewed it will be asked all over again!"

Since returning from Sweden Greta seems to have reached a tranquility sharply contrasting her previous restlessness. She seems to have whipped the melancholy moods that frequently gripped her. She is more the girl and less the woman, spirited, bubbling with good humor, enjoying work and play with a fresh vigor.

The yacht location trip she took on "The Single Standard" revealed this to

those of the company. She swam, rowed, climbed in the ship's ropes, sang, clowned and romped like a schoolgirl on an outing.

To see her perched upon the stern of a speedboat, wind and spray lashing her face, devoid of any make-up, laughing and singing rollicking chanties in Swedish, was like catching a glimpse into the real heart of this strange creature who has spun a spell of magic lure upon the screen that has ensnared thousands of worshippers. Clad in men's white flannels, her boyish cap pulled rakishly down over her pushed-back hair, a sweatshirt over her bathing suit top, Greta cut a striking figure pacing the ship's deck as the old schooner lumbered along under full sail.

Her eyes struck new fire as the hard-shelled Scandinavian crew hoisted the top-forsail with a creak of straining blocks and chorus of 'Yo-ho's' and they seemed to reflect the opalescent blue of the waters that slid by the bow as it wallowed through a fleecy trough of foam like a peasant's plow in a potato field. Sea-gulls wheeled

overhead as Greta tossed them bits of her tuna sandwich, screeching chagrin at her poor aim. The evening wind whistled through the ratlines and halyards and the great canvas spread cracked like pistol shots when the old skipper jibed to change his course.

As the sun dropped behind the horizon with a last crimson splash of glory, the San Pedro breakwater hove into sight just off the port bow.

"Is that home?" asked Garbo.

John Robertson, the director aroused from a cat nap, nodded.

"Gosh," sighed Greta, showing first signs of petulance after a week aboard the boat, "can't we do some retakes?"

She is not the strange weird woman of some of her screenplays. There's nothing erotic about her. She has a curious child-like quality—an almost boyish enthusiasm, a real zest for life—that sets her apart from the hot-house variety of Hollywood siren. She is as frank and clean as the clear wind of her native Northland.



## Those Healthy Hollywood Parties—Continued from page 31

more than enthusiastic over their introduction to California.

Walter Catlett was there and Skeets Gallagher and Pauline Mason, Gus Edwards, Ann Pennington, Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough, Florence Cryon, Merriam Secgar, Charles Judels, George Sidney, Geneva Mitchell, Marie Wells, Irving Fisher, William Collier, Sr., Gus Edwards, Van and Schenck, Roscoe Arbuckle, Norma Lee, Sylvia Field, and dozens of others.

We all clambered down to the beautiful little stream with its artificial pool under the great sycamores, its rustic seats amid the ferns, and even its old well and windlass, all making a most picturesque nook.

Leo pointed, rather sorrowfully, we thought, to some workmen who were preparing the little plateau across the stream on which Leo's house is to be built.

"Their grandfathers," he told us, "owned everything from here away over to Topanga Canyon once upon a time."

Wong Ling, Leo's Chinese valet-actor-cook, arrived on the scene just then to call us to lunch. He is a privileged character, swears like a pirate, and has a sense of humor that is always on the job. I don't wonder Leo feels that he cannot do without him.

While the musicians played the concertina and guitar under the trees we sat down at the long tables, supplied with paper plates and napkins, and prepared to enjoy the enchiladas and tortillas, the chili beans and barbecued mutton.

We watched Leo to see how to eat the tortillas, which are soft like pancakes, and look like them, except that they are thin and firmer, and we noted that he nonchalantly scooped his beans into the tortilla, wrapped the tortilla around like a napkin, and proceeded to devour it.

Through the trees we could catch glimpses of the bright blue sea a quarter of a mile away, on which the Canyon gives, and overhead the mocking birds were singing.

"In the moonlight," suggested Patsy, "with an outdoor platform bearing a roof of boughs, we could imagine this old Spanish dance place, made to house a gay fandango, while the battle of the eggshells went on, wherein shells filled with confetti bombarded the dancers, breaking in a rainbow shower on the merrymakers."

We learned that romance was not lacking even if we weren't in the old California days, since report went around that Skeets Gallagher, who had brought Pauline Mason, is engaged to her.

We met little Armida, after luncheon, wandering about looking for wild flowers, and decided she looked like a little sprite of the woods.

Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough did a funny little burlesque Spanish dance, though admitting they were a bit weighted down with tortillas, etc. with perhaps the accent on the 'etc.'

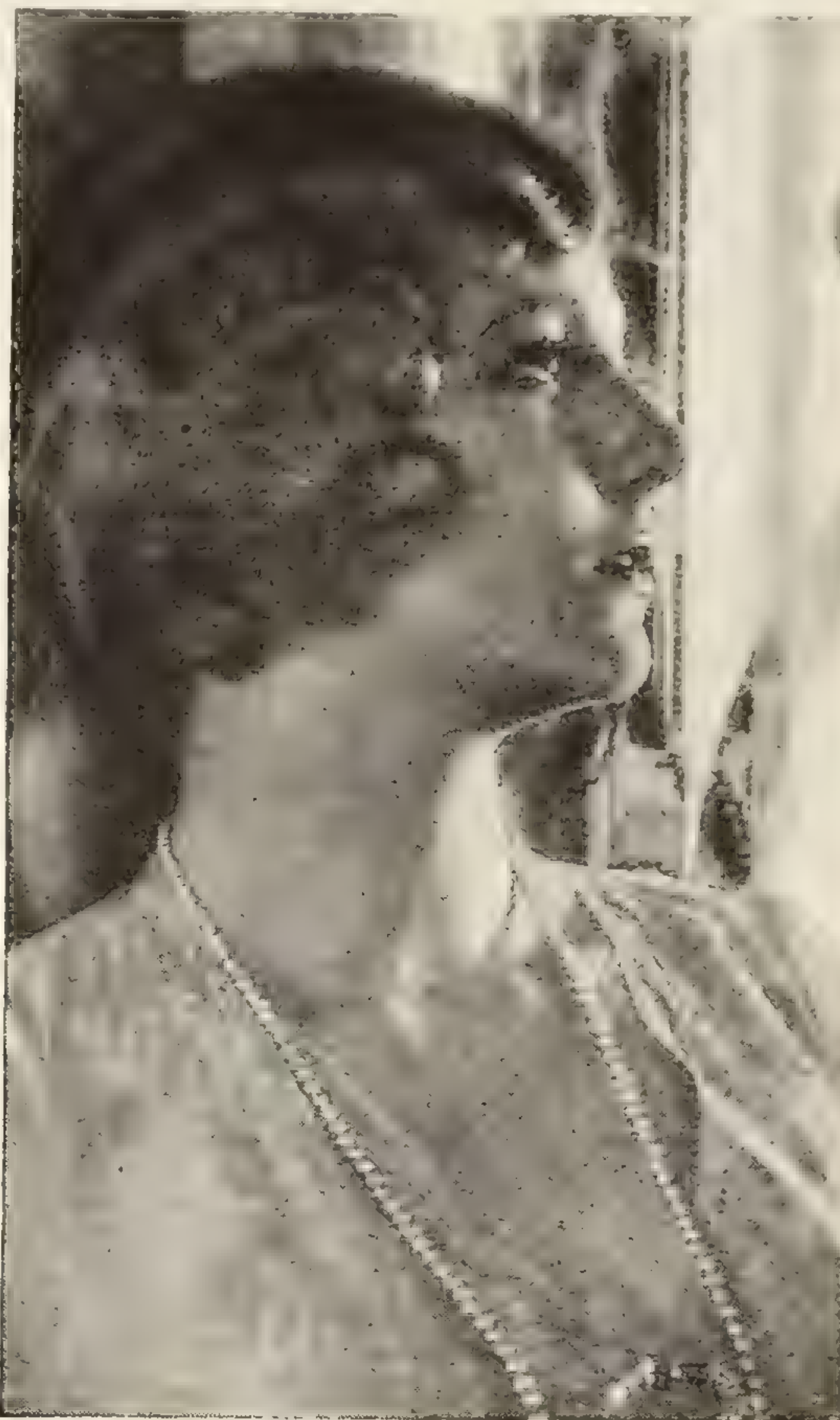
"Of course if it were the old Spanish days," I reminded Patsy, "we could just say 'Esta mañana,' and let it go at that. But as this is the year 1929 and we are brisk—or at least pretty brisk—Americans, please remember you're due at four for a permanent wave, while I've got things to do for a tyrannical editor."

So we bade Leo and his guests a happy adios, and were—regretfully—on our way.

"WELL, I'm glad there's to be a gay

reception right after Carmel Myers' wedding," Patsy whispered, "because I must admit that a wedding in a huge synagogue like this is too awfully impressive for my frivolous nature to bear. But doesn't Carmel look lovely!"

The bridesmaids had just tripped down the aisle, along with the bridal attendants and the matron of honor, all looking slen-



☞ Dorothy Burgess becomes a blonde for her rôle in "Pleasure Crazy"—and most becoming, too!

derly lovely in their organdies—some pink, some blue—bearing their huge bouquets. The bridesmaids were Edith and Irene Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, and Bessie Love, while the bridal attendants were Rosebelle Laemmle Bergerman, daughter of Carl Laemmle, President of Universal, Mrs. Ned Marin and Mrs. Edwin J. Mayer. Mrs. Zion Myers was the matron of honor.

"My gracious, but doesn't Bessie Love look solemn!" whispered Patsy, "just as if it were her own wedding, and she felt sure she couldn't get a divorce even if her husband beat her!"

The ceremony was being performed in the new B'Nai B'rith Synagogue in Los Angeles, of which congregation the father of Ralph Blum, the bridegroom, had been rabbi for many years. Carmel's father, too, had been a rabbi. He passed away several years ago, but when Carmel walked past us on the arm of her brother, Zion Myers, we saw tears in her eyes, and she acknowledged afterward that she was thinking of how many times she had heard her father read the very service which she was to hear now.

The best man was Marco Hellman, financier, while the ushers were Ned Marin, Jacob Blum, William Seiter, Edwin J. Mayer, Alvin Frank and Sam Norton.

We were just a bit disappointed that the ceremony was not the full Jewish mar-

riage ritual, but after all it was very impressive, and Rosabelle Laemmle Bergerman told us that, standing there for half an hour, after an hour or two of rehearsal, seemed quite long enough to the ladies in waiting!

Anyway, Patsy's romantic soul was thrilled when she observed that the bride and groom exchanged wedding rings, and that a line in the wedding service read, "Friends and lovers to the end of your lives."

After the ceremony, we all hurried over to Carmel's house, where the bride and groom are to live. It is a charming, homey place in the fashionable Wilshire district, and we all decided that it was a very sensible thing for the young people to do, to live in Carmel's house.

"Besides," remarked Helen Ferguson, "I think it makes a bridegroom feel altogether too independent when he takes the poor little bride to live in a strange house."

We found a lot of guests ahead of us when we arrived, including Louis B. Mayer and his wife. Mr. Mayer was kidding Bessie Love, telling her that she should find herself a nice Jewish husband.

"But Bessie, I hear," whispered Patsy to me, "is engaged to a nice business man in Chicago. Only she won't tell us his name."

Bessie was quite equal to the occasion.

"Find him for me!" was her smiling retort to Mr. Mayer.

Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead were there, Gertrude delightedly chatting about her new house at Malibu Beach; and Blanche Sweet was among the guests; also Paul Bern, Harold Lloyd and Mildred, Ruth Roland and Ben Bard; May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, Arthur Caesar, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Patsy Ruth Miller and her fiancé, the director, Tay Garnett; Mae Murray and Prince David M'divani, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rockett, Lois Moran, Carl Laemmle, Sr., and Carl, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner, Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Lesser, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, and a dozen others.

Nearly all the guests, the day being fine, went out into the garden at the back of the house, and we found that the buffet wedding breakfast was being served under the trees.

Taking our plates some of us found a nice shady nook outfitted with a table and some rustic chairs, with the turf underfoot, instead of being what Patsy called 'sincere grass,' a huge mat of property grass.

"I do hope," said Bessie Love, when somebody dropped some crumbs on the grass, "that they won't have to send the lawn to the dry cleaner's after we finish our breakfast!"

Paul Bern came along just then, bearing Bessie's bouquet, and explaining in mock coyness that he wanted to announce his engagement to Miss Love!

"That's all right," put in Gertrude Olmstead, "but I think you'd better, in that case, take the bologna off your plate, Bessie!"

Carmel and the bridegroom were too busy receiving good wishes and congratulations, as they stood on their lawn, to have any breakfast, but Carmel, in spite of all



the excitement, looked as fresh as a rose when she took her leave of her guests to go and change her dress for her wedding trip.

Suddenly she appeared above us on the little roof garden of her house, bearing her bouquet in her hand. She tossed it, and Edith Mayer caught it, blushing furiously.

"Now throw down the groom!" admonished Harold Lloyd, "and see what happens!"

OH, Reginald Denny is inviting us up to his mountain cabin in the San Bernardino mountains!" exclaimed Patsy in glee. "And I hear that it's a regular palace of a cabin, though it's all made of logs!"

That did sound intriguing, and it was with delight we traveled the hundred miles from town, through Pasadena, Alhambra, the desert, between orange groves and vineyards, and then through thirty miles of the most beautiful mountain roads to the very highest peak in the San Bernardinos.

The house is set on the very edge of a plateau, and overlooks the most gorgeous view of mountains and canyons, to the valley below, where you catch a glimpse of San Bernardino and Redlands.

Reginald and his wife, Bubbles, are the most delightful hosts in the world, and we found a huge fire awaiting us in the great fireplace, grateful enough after the frosty mountain air, cool even in summer.

But that so-called cabin!

It has polished floors all over the big living room and its three bed-rooms and the dining nook. Over the floors are placed, in the living room, big bear skin rugs, while the bedrooms have beautiful Indian rugs.

There are lazy easy chairs and sofas, and the big rustic dressing-tables in the bedrooms are polished and have great mirrors.

Outside is a large guest house, also of logs, where the men guests sleep when the house is full of people.

There is a big corral, with horses for riding purposes, out in the natural park surrounding Denny's cabin; and there is an electric house where the electricity for use in the house is generated. Gas for cooking is stored in a huge tank under the ground.

The beauty and cosiness of the living room, with its cheerful chintz curtains, its ceiling smoked and polished so as to look very old, its comfortable chairs and sofas, its table with the covering entirely of fox skins, envelopes you the moment you enter.

We had lunched down in the valley during the trip, so the moment we had deposited our wraps and warmed ourselves at the fire we felt we just couldn't remain shut up in the house, and sallied forth for a hike and exploring expedition.

Helen Ludlam, of SCREENLAND, was with us, and we all at once turned into girls of the big outdoors. We discovered some bows and arrows in a corner of the living room, and so tried our hand at archery, with Bubbles easily ahead of us all, and then we wandered about the five acres which Denny owns, under the pine trees, gathering the beautiful yellow wild primroses, the wild iris, and last but not least the gay scarlet snow-flower, which blooms, you are told, while still the snow is on the ground.

You have to clamber down Denny's front yard to get to the springs, but it is worth the climb. We did find all the space down

there, however, cruelly blackened from the forest fire which threatened, a few months ago, not only destruction of Denny's cabin, but tragedy to our hosts. It was only by desperate fighting of all hands at Denny's house, including our host himself, aided by a hundred fire-fighters supplied by the mountain rangers, that the place and probably the lives of our hosts, were saved.

Denny told us all about it at dinner that evening.

"I was awakened," said Denny, "by a light shining into my eyes. I thought the girls had gone to bed and left the light burning on the porch. Then I took another look! A wall of fire was advancing up the valley before me!"

"I aroused everybody, including my caretaker and his wife, sent the women away in an automobile to Big Bear, and had Art Manning, the cowboy who was living with me, get the horses out of the stables and away."

"I have no telephone, but I sent another guest to a forest ranger who lives a few miles away, and who I found was already on the job. He sent out to his men and to the Indians at the school, and after two days and nights managed to put out the fire."

Then Art Manning, who was with us in the living room where we were talking, after dinner, in the glow of the big logs on the hearth, told us how Denny had accommodated all the fire fighters in his house and the guest house, how they ate and drank and slept there, and then—how he washed the dishes himself!

"My wife and I went to bed the second night dead tired," said the cowboy. "We left a whole ocean of dirty dishes. In the morning when we got up, we found that

Mr. Denny had himself arisen early and washed that mountain of dishes!"

An old trapper lives three or four miles away on a mountain side. That is, his cabin is still there and he did live there up to a few weeks ago. Then he decided that having neighbors as close as three miles to him was making the place too civilized, and he moved further into the wilds.

We danced to the music of the radio after our chat, and then Patsy went outside to look at the moon. She would. She called to us, but we had seen the moon so many times that it didn't really seem to matter. However, we went, and there, sure enough, was a sight worth seeing: we were above the clouds, and the mountain tops were clear in the silvery light, while those clouds, bathed in the moonlight, looked like some sort of unearthly beautiful sea.

We proposed to take a hike next morning, followed by a ride over to Big Bear Lake, seventeen miles away. All but our host, that is. He had to get up at four o'clock, he said, to assist a forest ranger who was moving in on the top of Grayback, twenty miles away. No automobiles there, just horses and mules.

Art Manning told us that Denny is such a willing worker on these trips, besides understanding so much about mountain craft, that the rangers are always most grateful for his help.

Little Bubbles wasn't at all pleased about Reggy's getting up early, because he always insisted on waking her up and bringing her a cup of coffee, while he told her it was time to get up. She never does get up, she says, but doubtless it brightens his way to think that some day she may.

Big Bear Lake sparkled in the sun, and children played about the doorways of the cabins. They are building a hotel up there, and then the place will never be the same again.

Back at the cabin again, the housekeeper was supposed to be having a day off, so we proposed to cook lunch. William J. Craft, Reginald's director, had arrived while we were gone, and he took a hand.

But we all got in each other's way, couldn't find things, and finally the housekeeper, hearing the turmoil from below, decided to come up and do things herself. Bubbles and Patsy had both decided that the only thing they could do was to fry ham, and both had decided they wanted to contribute that offering to the lunch. At which trying moment the housekeeper appeared.

Lunch over, we all went in for target practice with the weapons which our host has stowed away in a gun rack, but there were no casualties.

Our host came back early in the afternoon, we all went horseback riding through the lovely canyons and valleys, and then back to supper and an evening gathered around the big fire of logs, with Denny telling us stories of his stage days, after which bed. And we were so tired that not even the roar of the wind through the pines, sounding like the noise of a tumultuous sea, could keep us awake.

In the morning we hunted for wildflowers, and then hopped into the car, and took a fast, invigorating trip around that curved road, down to the valley and home again, after bidding our beloved hosts good bye.

"We shall never," we both declared, "forget that!"



Well, well—and if it isn't Marguerite Churchill! She is one of the most popular of the little Broadway invaders of Hollywood.



## The New John Gilbert—Continued from page 29

not even met. They get their 'facts' from gossip, and you know how any story changes in two or three tellings.

"There are only two things in the calendar of license of which I have not been accused, and I am expecting the worst at any time!" said John Gilbert.

Personally I do not think the yarn Jim Tully wrote about him in *Vanity Fair* a year ago did Jack any real harm. His admirers and his friends only rallied about the more loyally. I know they did out here and I think Jim Tully knew they would. Not meaning to paint either Jack Gilbert or Jim Tully as a saint, I'm sure Jim had no malice in his heart when he dipped his pen in vitriol with Jack as the victim. He knows human nature pretty well, and he probably knows too that a double dose of poison counteracts itself. Insinuations are dangerous and deadly, but an open attack usually brings to the fore thousands of crusaders. In the meantime, the yarn probably increased Jim Tully's popularity as an interviewer.

As a little girl said after eating two dinners, "Believe it or not, I am still hungry." And a popular young actress who was climbing but had not quite reached the top told me: "I would rather be interviewed by Jim Tully than anyone I know. And I can stand what he says." Why was she so eager? Because she knew that every producer in Hollywood would read it, and that she would probably get a contract out of it. Well, Jim didn't and she didn't, but that is another story.

At the time his Gilbert article appeared, I asked Jim why on earth he wrote such a scurrilous attack. "Because I felt like doing it," he replied. "And if Jack is big enough he will get over it, and I think he is big enough. You might imagine by reading the story that I am Jack's deadly enemy. As a matter of fact I admire and like him very much. There is another side to him that is extremely fine. But that side was not the burden of my song. The story won't hurt him." And it hasn't. Not with the box-office, at any rate. But you can well imagine what torture it was to a sensitive mind to read such stuff about himself.

Jack might have caused a lot of trouble over it, but he went no further than to tell Jim, as man to man, just what he thought of him. And Jim apologized.

Yes — Gilbert is a provocative person from a writer's point of view, because he takes everything big—good news or bad. In spite of his wise resolutions, small things continue to get a rise out of him. He is a child of moods, one minute bursting with joy, radiating it, uplifting everyone around him with the happiness that is greater than he can control, the next minute, for no apparent reason, he may be down in the depths of despair. And when a nature as strong and magnetic as Jack's is depressed, he is not the only one who knows it! Though he may think he is keeping it entirely to himself.

He is always good copy and he always will be. The fact that he is married may have arrested, but will not change the restless, searching vibrant strength of his personality. With the passing of his glamorous bachelor days, many maidens may have written *finis* to their dreams; yet I am sure, Gilbert being what he is, their interest will never stray very far from him.

Born under a mysterious sign, no one will ever know just what Jack will do next. His friends know one thing about him—that he is a swell guy—but how he will react to any given circumstance, that they can never be sure of. Neither can he. And that is perhaps the secret of his great success on the screen. Things and people we do not quite understand fascinate us.

Although beginning his stage career at the early age of one year, Jack Gilbert had a whack at several professions before going into pictures seriously. In the first place he didn't think he would make good. He overheard Irvin Willat say he never would, because his nose was far too large. This blow, coming as it did just when he was rising out of the five dollars a day class, and had high hopes of a career, depressed him for days. In fact, he decided to commit suicide, but his sense of humor saved him. He wrote scenarios, directed pictures and then determined to get the best of his nose, with what success we all know. He plans to return to his writing when his days before the camera are over.

He is very intuitive. "Sometimes it is uncanny," he told me. He will arrive at a conclusion when other more 'practical' minds are still groping with logic. Nine times out of ten Jack will be right. He can't tell why he knew that it would turn out that way—he only knew that it would. His hunches have led him to trust this intuition, this inner voice, and when he has a problem to think out, he always tries to get away by himself and think it out alone.

He may fret and fume, but having a sincere nature, his real desire is to get to the bottom of a difficulty and work his way out of it. And he can do this only by thinking things out by himself. Because being alone is so necessary to his growth, he often cuts himself off from his friends and then suddenly realizes that he is lonely. You would never think the idol of the film world was a lonely person, would you? But he is, or was before he married Ina.

It was more a soul loneliness than material.

"It was good for me," he said. "I had a lot to learn, and I have learned some of it. I am much more tolerant, much more understanding than I used to be. Things that would drive me mad in the old days, have no effect upon me now. I know that people often do things because they can't help themselves. I didn't think that once. Sometimes things were done that I took as a personal affront. I would often resent it bitterly and then there would be a quarrel.

"I have more to bring to marriage than I had ten years ago. All I want is peace. I think the best way to keep it, when there are indications of fireworks, is to keep one's mouth shut. Then the mood passes and good friends are still good friends with nothing to 'make up.'"

Take his marriage with Ina Claire as an example of one of his unexplainable impulses. Many people think both of them were crazy. Both have fame, position, wealth. Both are at the height of their brilliant careers. What more did they want?

But what most people do not know is that, although their lives seemed to be the gayest of the gay, both were lonely. Both wanted a home that they could share with someone, someone with whom they had a great deal in common. Someone who would understand without having to be told. Both had about decided that it was too good to be true and then as usual when people stop nagging fate for things, it is handed to them.

As Ina said, she and Jack first quarreled, and then started to laugh. "And we've been laughing ever since. I thought Jack was rather comfortable in his own splendid opinion of himself, because that is what most people who don't know him think, and he thought the same thing about me, and we both decided to steer clear of each other—but somehow we couldn't!"

I had heard that Ina was going to chuck  
(Continued on page 101)



© Noel Francis, Ziegfeld Follies beauty, is now playing in Pathé comedies produced by George Le Maire. No relation to Kay Francis!





Alice White leading the dancing ensemble in the First National-Vitaphone production "Broadway Babies"



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THE PUBLISHERS



her career and settle down as Mrs. Jack Gilbert. It was arranged that I drive home with her one afternoon for tea, when her work was done, to talk it over. We climbed into a stunning black town car at the Pathé studio and breezed through Beverly to the top of Tower Road, passing John Barrymore's house and new aviary he is building for the foreign birds he brought back with him from South America, on the way. (I might say here that the aviary is larger than the average home.)

"Over there," Ina waved toward the back of the house, "Jack is going to build a wing for me. Then each of us can have perfect freedom and a chance to get away by ourselves if we want to—a thing far more important to the happiness of married people than most of us realize. There I can have my maid and my piano and make all the noise I like when Jack wants to read or write. He has the greatest capacity for enjoyment of anyone I have ever met, but he has moods of seriousness."

I had already discovered that Jack had a serious mind. He reads an enormous lot. He has a standing order with Brentano in New York to supply him with lists of all non-fiction literature, and he orders quantities of rare books, old and new. He has a broker in New York who keeps him in touch with all the worth-while plays produced there and who sends him manuscripts to read. He loves to play tennis and has a court on his hill-top, and a swimming pool, too. He loves to drive his own Ford through the hills or by the sea, but now that he has found Ina I guess a good deal of that lonely prowling is cut out.

"Well, has the beauty and peace of this place affected you to the point of tossing your career to the winds?" I asked Ina Claire.

She shrugged her shoulders. "No, but I want to rest. After all, I've been working since my thirteenth year. I have these pictures to do for Pathé and then I am planning to take several months off for a trip around the world."

"What! And are you going to drag Jack from his work and make him go with you?"

She looked at me with a twinkle in her very beautiful eyes. "No, I'm not going to try to make Jack do anything. And I don't expect him to try to make me do anything. But I am planning the trip and if he wants to join me I'll be ridiculously pleased!"

And Jack, on his side, is arranging his schedule so that after "Olympia" he will be given a long vacation. It looks like a honeymoon, belated though it may be.

We talked a little about her work. "Pathé is paying me three times what other studios offered—why, I have not the slightest notion! And then they ask me

to do 'Paris Bound'! I ask you. Why? The girl in 'Paris Bound' is a straight lead, a perfectly nice wife and mother. I have made my reputation by playing sophisticated women. In 'Paris Bound' I wouldn't be any better than any one of a hundred actresses; not as good! Now why should they pay me this enormous salary to play something that any straight actress could do and which the fans would rather see played by one of their tried favorites? All I can bring to pictures is the sort of thing I have helped to make popular on the stage. And with the same incomprehensible wisdom they put screen actresses not trained to sophisticated drama in sophisticated plays. No one has ever yet been able to fit a round peg into a square hole and I dare venture film executives will not be able to puzzle it out either. It was finally decided that I play 'The Awful Truth,' which is a little better than 'Paris Bound.'"

She refused flatly to be billed as Mrs. John Gilbert. And with reason. The charm she has for her stage audiences will win her as many friends on the screen, I am sure; yet that is not the only reason she refused.

"My personal life is one thing and business is another," she said as we sat on the veranda of her new home, which overlooks the California world as far as one may see it. "Metro wanted me to play with Jack in 'Olympia.' It is a small part and not suited to me. I wouldn't play it for two reasons. One, purely business. It is wrong for one star to play an unimportant part in another star's picture, even if that star happens to be one's husband. I wouldn't let Jack do it in one of mine. That is not good business and it often creates trouble in a home. The other reason is that I think it is cheap to make love to one's husband in view of so many people. I wouldn't mind at all if we weren't married, but because we are so newly wed and there has been so much publicity about it I just couldn't do it and Jack feels the same way about it."

"You know," she said, with a half-shy little laugh, "I don't know so very much about him. But we seem to understand each other so well, almost without speaking, and we have the same reactions to things. It is that that makes me think we might make a go of our marriage. And then we are both Irish and that makes a difference too, I think. He really is a nice person," she said, her blue eyes wide and with the look of a precocious child that has stumbled on a great secret. "In fact, I think he's swell!"

Jack appeared on the scene and announced that a fire had been built in the living room. "Aren't you both cold? Ina, you haven't a coat on! Better come in where it is warm."

"I'm so glad to get a breath of ozone after being on that sound stage all day that I hadn't noticed it was chilly."

Theirs is a beautiful living room. It is enormous, with about a thirty-foot ceiling, and balconies all around it. It is richly and colorfully furnished with deep cushioned lounging chairs and an enormous couch before a blazing eucalyptus fire. On the table was a cage with a grey parrot. I promptly went over to him and offered to scratch his head. He saw me coming and obligingly bent his crest, ruffling his neck feathers in anticipation of a comforting scratch. "Oh, look, Jack—she isn't afraid of him, either!" cried Ina, and came over to help me in the scratching process. "Can he talk?" I asked. "Yes," said Jack, "but I'm afraid his vocabulary was acquired on shipboard and you know the reputation sailors have. I don't think Poll has missed a word."

Ina is small and a natural blonde with the creamy skin that goes with such coloring. Her eyes are very blue and dark and she has a trick of looking at you every once in a while like a little girl who is not so sure she isn't going to be scolded. Nestled up against her husband's shoulder, with his arm about her, that blonde head looked very attractive in contrast to the coal-black one just above it.

Time will show, of course, whether these two strong personalities will be able to adjust their lives to matrimony, but both have had experience enough to help them in this adventure that they have embarked upon with so much joy and so much hope of happiness. And I am sure that thousands will wish them *bon voyage*!

Jack and Ina will have a real honeymoon in Europe as soon as each finishes a current picture. Jack is working on "Olympia," while Mrs. Gilbert having finished her first talkie, "The Awful Truth," is starring in "Negligee."

Along about the last of this summer they will be sailing for the continent.



☞ The Moore, the merrier! Here are Tom Moore, Mal St. Claire, Matt Moore, George O'Hara, and Owen Moore. The brothers are playing in "City Streets" which St. Claire directed and O'Hara wrote for Radio Pictures.





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## Arthur! Arthur!—Continued from page 32

he became inventive, finally dyeing several hundreds of dollars worth of woollens an unearthly green that wouldn't come out. It was about this time that he quit the dyeing business. (I had to get him out of the dye business so I could go on with the story).

His sister secured Arthur his first screen job. It was in a 'western' starring Franklyn Farnum. Arthur was the juvenile lead.

"I had to ride on a horse and arouse the sheriff and posse," he relates now. "It was a horse opera, all right! But it started me in pictures.

"I knew nothing about motion picture make-up. I was called one night and told to be ready for location at seven next morning. I practiced putting on grease paint and powder until long after midnight. Next day when I joined the company I found my practice had been all wrong. I had been putting on a stage make-up and that is very different from the make-up used for camera purposes. I finally seated myself beside another actor and did just as he did. When he applied grease paint, so did I. When he put on powder, I did likewise. I got by, somehow."

This picture and one more western 'epic' brought to Arthur a five-year contract offer with Universal. He accepted and was made a two-reel comedy star immediately.

One thing that is instantly impressive about Arthur is his boyish exuberance. He likes everybody. Everybody likes him. Enroute to the Universal lunchroom from the set where I had found him working, it seemed that everyone had a cheery word for him and he, a grin for all.

In the café, a group of his boy friends sat at the next table. Over my shoulder I heard them kidding him.

"Who is your favorite actor?" I heard one ask.

"Arthur Lake," came the immediate reply.

"And your favorite actress?" pursued the questioning one.

"Arthur Lake," again came the rejoinder.

Young Lake pursed his tongue between his lips and uttered an odd noise. You've heard that kind of razzberry, I'm sure. But it was all in fun. Those boys at the next table would fight Jack Dempsey if Jack said anything against Arthur.

He has a funny way of being serious for a few seconds, then absolutely irresponsible. Then he is serious again. You're never quite certain whether he is kidding or is deadly in earnest. His sense of humor is his own give-away. He can't help laughing when his remarks are spoken jokingly.

Arthur is twenty years old; that I know. Unkind writers have said he is older. They have said he worked as a chorus man in a New York show. But he has never been in New York.

"That is not true," Arthur says. "Not that I would mind having been a chorus man, or anything else that is honest. But why do people have to make up tales? I'd rather they'd say nothing if they can't tell real facts."

He is very modest. I asked him questions about himself. In a burst of enthusiasm, he answered. Then he suddenly remembered that it was Arthur Lake he was talking about. "Aw, don't write that down," he pleaded. "It sounds stuck-up!" If I had kept my promise to Arthur not to write down the things he said, there would be no story.

"Any loves in your young life, Arthur?" I asked him.

He blushed. "Naw, I don't go for girls. I'm going to be a bachelor," he said.

"What about Virginia Cherrill and Sue Carol and—"

"They were all right," he interrupted. "But they were just friends. Why, Sue goes with Nick Stuart and Virginia is just a good pal. You said loves. I haven't any loves but I've lots of girl friends."

Just the same, I happen to know that he reads his fan letters personally and gives most of his attention to notes from the girls!

## Does Hollywood Set the Styles?

*Continued from page 77*

national knowledge and believe too much in picture-frame personalities.

Kay Johnson, whom I would not consider beautiful in the accepted sense of the word but whose distinction and manner carry her along to the front of the parade, wears genuine clothes attractively.

These women, with several others whom I cannot mention because of space limitation, are fighting graciously the enormous popularity of a very dowdy person called 'Lady Dowdy Fashion.' They're interested in preparing a lovely funeral for her which I am sure will have too many carriages in the procession and too many stars will sincerely grieve because of her death. She's been a wonderful friend to a great many of them, particularly those who have been brought up in her arms. She was generous in encouraging their weaknesses and was a bad mother who could never say no. 'Lady Dowdy Fashion' has been ill a long time. In several productions lately she has been gasping frantically and we almost thought

she was going to live another year or two, but because of her old age we feel she will soon have to release her hold.

Her daughter, 'Restraint and Good Taste,' who has not been very well or strong since she has come to Hollywood, has suddenly taken on a new lease of life and because she is being sponsored by a lot of well-groomed women she is soon to be one of the most popular of the younger women of Hollywood.

Already Hollywood is looking at itself and its past with a merry twinkle in its eye and amusement at its own childishness. It has been trailing its mother's skirts long enough and has at last grown up to be a smart young woman.

Too many women are assembling here with knowledge and taste who will refuse to be made ridiculous by imaginary demands of a camera. In a short time Hollywood will be a serious force in the style centers of the world.

Watch it!



## The Eyes Have It!

Continued from page 75

treatment. At night, before retiring, the eyes should be given special treatment. Use the cleansing eye-wash, then mold the eye-cream into the skin under and over the eyes and leave on all night. This cream is delicate, yet rich. A cream made of pure oils that seeps well into the skin and nourishes the worn tissues beneath. Pat the cream around your eyes, close them, and pat over the lids. Each pat should be gentle and distinct. You never must rub the delicate skin about the eyes. Look up when patting beneath the eyes, and close the eyes when you press the cream on the lids. At night too, is a good time to exercise the eyes, or you may do this any time during the day.

You can strengthen your eyes by exercise, for they are controlled by nerves and muscles just as other parts of your body are. These exercises will help to keep the eyes large. As we grow older, the tissues about the eyes shrink, the muscles relax, the brows droop, and the eyes appear smaller. By strengthening these muscles, the eyes will always appear larger, the skin about them youthfully firm.

Bright, youthful eyes are rested eyes. It behooves one to get sufficient sleep at night. Too much midnight junketings cause the eyes to be dull and bloodshot the next morning. If you are up late one night, try to make up the hours of sleep the next night. Rest the eyes during the day whenever possible. And don't forget that happy thoughts make the eyes sparkle and glow in a most fascinating way.

Of course you are interested in eye make-up. First, grooming the lashes and brows enhances their beauty much more than make-up. The brows may be scrubbed occasionally with soap and water to eradicate displaced powder and cream. They should be brushed with a small eye-brow brush once or twice a day. First, the wrong way, then the right way, then straight up, and finally, gently into their natural arch. A drop of brilliantine will be an aid to the finishing process.

To train lashes and brows, they should be brushed this way nightly with a bit of petroleum jelly or a special lash grower. If this is done faithfully every night, the most scanty lashes will become long, silken, curling fringes of beauty.

The make-up which brings out the loveliness of eyes, lashes and brows is, perhaps, the most difficult of all to accomplish. But for the girl with too pale brows and lashes, it is worth the effort to learn the tricks which will make them more definitely alluring.

Eyebrow pencils may be had in various

shades of brown. These may be effectively used by blonde and red-haired girls and their use is not easily detected. Don't use black unless it becomes you. It is well to experiment until you find the tint that brings the most natural effect.

For the lashes, apply a little cream to upper and lower lids with your finger-tip, and run the pencil just above and below the line of the lashes, then blend the pencilling with finger-tip wrapped tightly in cotton. In applying make-up, be careful not to get it into the eye itself.

For evening, if one feels confident of the steadiness of one's hands and the flattery of artificial lights, mascara, the oldest known beautifier in the world, may be used. No longer, however, is black the one and only color. There are soft brown shades that give a more subtle and more natural effect. Brush some into the lashes for brilliancy. Around the eyes, to enhance the sparkle and intensify the color of your eyes, smooth some eye-shadow.

Eye-shadows nowadays are as vari-colored as the skies. But here's a discovery I made and I'm passing it on to you. If you go in for the 'sun-tan' or 'sun-burn' make-up so popular this year, use just a bit of this in 'shadowing' your eyes and see if you don't like it. Smoothed gently under the eyes it takes away the tired look, forms an intriguing shadow and blends well into whatever shade of powder you have adopted for summer evening wear. If you are on vacation and have not regular make-up for your eyes, this will do nicely for 'shadow' and is natural in effect.

Don't dress your hair or wear your hair in such a manner that it will hide the beauty of lovely eyes or prettily arched brows. Study color and find out which ones bring out the beauty of your eyes and make them more interesting, more mysterious or more provocative.

Blue ear-rings, or blue beads, or a hat faced with blue enhance the beauty of blue eyes. The girl with green eyes should wear always some accessory in green to bring out the fascination of her eyes. The brown-eyed girl should make shades of brown her color scheme, and amber helps to emphasize the flecks that appear so attractively in brown eyes. It is a simple matter, too, to make your pupils look larger by wearing certain colors that produce that effect.

If you want to know more about eye treatments, eye remedies and eye exercises, I will be glad to tell you all about them if you will write me, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope. Address, Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

SCREENLAND's gift contests are constantly attracting new readers and continuing to interest the 'Screenland Boosters' Club! The Anita Page contest, for example, brought an amazing number of responses. The lucky winner, Miss Mabel Myers, 40 S. Colorado Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana, is delighted with the pajama ensemble which her clever letter won for her. Don't miss the Colleen Moore contest in this issue!



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## Rudy Vallee!—Continued from page 23

no brass instruments in his ensembles. (Many people think a saxophone is classified under 'brasses.' But it is not. It is considered a reed instrument.) Vallee clings to purity of tone and simplicity of execution. He has created a peculiar and original method of playing which no other orchestral unit possesses. Broadway calls it 'sexy.' But it's more than that. His orchestra plays yearning rather than seductive music. Music with an evanescent timbre far removed from the blatancy of the average jazz unit. And it is this same appealing quality that you notice when Vallee sings.

From the time he was a child he was interested in music. He first started playing the drums in the village band. In his second year high school, he got hold of a trombone and mastered it. Next he organized a dance orchestra and started earning money after school hours by playing around for dances and club affairs.

One summer, he worked as assistant property man with the Jefferson Stock Company of Portland, Maine. The next year he was the chief electrician at the Strand Theater, a de-luxe movie house in the same city. It was while he was working here that a saxophonist in the orchestra loaned Vallee a C melody saxophone.

From that time on the Yankee boy had no more interest in electricity. His one idea was to become a concert saxophonist like the celebrated Rudy Weidoff. The lad had studied the clarinet. And from what he had learned on that instrument, he began practicing on the saxophone. With no one to assist him, some way Vallee evolved a method. And it was this method of clean, rapid, staccato tonguing which enabled his saxophone to lay the cornerstone for what bids fair to be a national career.

The following autumn when Vallee became a freshman at the University of Maine, he was almost immediately pledged to a fraternity. Shortly after, he went to live at the Frat House. Rudy Weidoff was still his hero. During all of his spare moments, the blond-haired, quiet-voiced freshman tongued his saxophone and caught his breath by talking of Rudy Weidoff. Rudy Weidoff! He spoke so much of his hero to his fraternity brothers that finally in desperation one of them nicknamed him 'Rudy.'

The name has clung ever since.

Rudy's college education never cost Doctor Vallee a nickel. After his freshman year at the University of Maine, a friend advised Vallee to go down to Yale where he would find more orchestral opportunities.

The following autumn Rudy matriculated at Old Eli. But Yale would not accept the work of his freshman year at Maine. So again he had to start in as a frosh.

During his four years at Yale, Vallee formed an orchestra and played nearly every night. Either for his prom-strutting colleagues or for country clubs, golf clubs and private houses.

After two years at that university Dio Data, a well known musician, sent for Rudy to go to London to direct an orchestra in a night club.

Wishing to see a bit of the world, Rudy accepted, and remained a twelvemonth in England. Later he returned to Yale and completed his course, receiving his B. A. degree.

That was in June 1927. It was then Rudy made up his mind to go to New York. There were three things he wanted to do: to find Rudy Weidoff; to hear Paul Whiteman play, and to make a saxophone solo on a Columbia record!

Arriving in New York, Vallee accomplished all three things. After playing a while in Ben Bernie's orchestra, he organized a unit of his own. Playing over the radio and at the Heigh-ho Night Club he met with fair success. But through a misunderstanding in January of this year, he lost his position at the Heigh-ho. Paying off the seven men of his orchestra for a full week's work, Vallee was left flat broke. Just another saxophone player out of a job!

Ten days later, Vallee had a chance to start broadcasting over the National Broadcasting Chain. In a few weeks, he was beginning to be idolized all over that vast radio network.

When I went to Rudy's dressing room at the Paramount Theater to interview him, I immediately found myself feeling sorry for him. The boy was lying on a cot in his dressing room, dead for sleep. He was playing four shows at the Paramount on week days, and five Saturdays and Sundays. In addition, he was broadcasting over the radio several times a week, making records for Victor every day, and playing at the Villa Vallee at eight o'clock and at eleven fifteen each night. To say nothing of writing songs and publishing them.

His dressing-room was bedlam. Members of the orchestra were bustling in and out. The telephone rang without stopping. Rudy's secretary sat at a desk heaped high with fan mail. His stenographer was sitting on the floor, her typewriter on a pile of books. Over in a corner, his personal publicity man was dashing off copy for the daily papers.

Everybody wanted to see Vallee: the Salvation Army needing a donation; life insurance agents trying to load him down with policies; pals wishing money or jobs. The tailor asked 75 cents for pressing a suit when 50 cents was the regulation price. Girls, without appointments, were crashing in the door, hanging around the stairs, and waiting outside the stage door.

To every request Vallee listened. And he turned down nobody while I was there. It seemed a lark to him that he actually could give help when needed. He answered about fifteen phone calls to the half-hour. And to each person he was courteous, unhurried and friendly.

He seems to me very loyal. And tired and worn out as he undoubtedly was, his manners were faultless. He is reserved, punctilious and beautifully spoken. In the old days, I am sure, he would have made a gallant, faithful courtier. And I can well imagine him sacrificing himself for his king.

Since it was soon time for Vallee to go on for his next performance, the interview was conducted with Vallee in the bathroom shaving, calling out to me between strokes. He wore white linen riding trousers, black puttees, black silk socks, and black low shoes. A white linen shirt, open at the neck, and black and white checked suspenders completed this informal costume. Nevertheless Vallee spoke while shaving as if he were dressed in morning clothes,

seated in his mother's drawing room, waiting for time to go to church. He is absolutely unselfconscious.

When I asked him how he felt about women, he answered: "I want to find a girl. One I can be happy with. But I'm in a rather unfortunate position. You see, I have no time to meet and visit the kind of girl I would be attracted to. I work all day and most of the night. And I rarely have a chance to go to places where nice girls congregate. Often, however, I get a fan letter from some girl I feel sure I could learn to like. But there is no time now to find out. First I'm on the stage. Then I dash in a taxi to the Villa Vallee. Back to the Paramount. Off to make records. Out to the Long Island studio to make short subjects. Back to the tailor's. On to rehearsals. And then the whole merry-go-round starts over again.

"Whenever I sing that song, 'Vagabond Lover,' I always catch myself thinking how indicative of my real feelings it is—more than anybody in the audience would give me credit for. Because with all the luck and success I've had, I'm still a vagabond. Moving here, and there, with scarcely a moment to seek out a little personal happiness. But I'm sure things will settle soon. And then——"

"Your act next, Mr. Vallee," the call boy broke in. And so my interview with Rudy Vallee ended.

An unknown collegian doesn't become an idol without some logical or psychological reason. In Vallee's case, there is both a logical and a psychological reason. That he unquestionably has a superior orchestra nobody can deny. But that does not account for his prairie-fire popularity. The reason women go crazy about him is because he has a dual appeal. On the one hand he is a stalwart, golden-haired Galahad, seeking the grail of love. And that appeals to the women who want to be conquered.



C Billy Bakewell—according to Miss Vee Dee, the most popular juvenile of the moment with SCREENLAND readers.



## On Location With Harold Lloyd

Continued from page 69

"You're darn right the wind's blowing. What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, it wasn't blowing in the last scene. You don't want shadows dancing all over the place, do you?"

"Oh, shoot! The wind blows in Chinatown same as anywhere else! Let's go!" And go they did.

The action called for Harold and Noah to run around the corner and down the street after having dodged some Chinamen. They stuck close to the wall under the balcony, hanging on to each other and shivering in their boots, their eyes as big as saucers.

When they came to one of the mysterious doors Harold had a hunch that they would find what they were looking for in that building. The door was locked. Together they heaved into it with their shoulders, once, twice, and were hauling off for a third belaboring when the door opened of its own accord!

To make it still funnier the wind was blowing their clothes, making their coat tails wave, their pant's legs flap and slap about and shadows dance on the wall cast by the various gadgets on the set. It would have been a swell gag for a ghost scene. At that, the air of spookiness was well placed in this sequence.

Gene Kornman, the still cameraman, was yawning his head off. "This night work sure is tough on a guy who can't sleep in the day time!" he said grinning. Gene is the proud papa of the Kornman kids, Mary and Mildred, who have served successively as the sweetheart of 'Our Gang.'

Most of the people on Harold's staff have been with him for a long time. 'Dude' Lundin, head cameraman, has been with him twelve years; 'Hank' Kohler, second cameraman, seven years; production manager John L. Murphy, technical director Bill MacDonald and art director Liell K. Veder—all have been eight years on the job; while Lex Neal and Felix Adler, gag men, date from the days of "Lonesome Luke."

I noticed that all the potted plants were wired to the balcony.

"Yes," said Mal St. Clair, reading my thoughts. "At first they weren't wired and one fell spang on Noah's head during the action of the scene. We had a still made from the film to send to his folks."

The next scene was where Harold and Noah crashed a Chinese rooming-house, got tangled up with a handful of humans and found themselves hurtling down the steps in a barrel which broke when it bounced on the sidewalk.

"There goes the barrel scene from Anheuser Busch," said Felix Adler, who, by the way, is a relative of the late Jacob Adler and of Dr. Felix Adler the philanthropist. Mr. Adler is always being confused with his older relatives—"but it's my own name so I don't see why I should change it when I can't think of a better one," he remarked.

Watching the barrel crash down the steps and split into twenty pieces with Harold inside and a mob of fighting Chinamen on top, Mal St. Clair said he had never known a star to take as many chances as Harold. "He seems to know just how far he can go and it is a miracle how many times he escapes a crack-up."

While waiting for the next set-up Harold took me to another set which they expected to take during the wee sma' hours of the

morning. The action here requires him, and Noah, to hide from the Chinamen underneath an awning. The Chinamen look all over and come within a foot of the shivering fugitives. Each time they come Harold pulls one of his breath-taking gags until finally someone rips down the awning and there they are, dangling in space. Then they have to make a thorough and instantaneous get-away.

I asked Harold what he thinks is the most important thing in the making of a comedy. "Everything is important," he said, "but perhaps if you split hairs I would say timing and spacing were the two most important things. A gag can be made or killed by too sudden or too slow action. Another thing: an actor must forget that he is acting, forget that he is facing a camera to be a good comedian. It requires the most difficult technique in the business. In tragedy or serious drama where the emotions are challenged there is a chance for letting down once in a while. But in comedy the spectator is on his toes, so to speak, every moment. His emotions are not gumming up his thinking apparatus and consequently the scene has to be pretty well played to get over. A comedian has to know his stuff so well that it becomes second nature to him. Whatever other qualifications he may have, this is the most important thing: he must learn the mechanics of his trade thoroughly, and forget them, before he can put humor into his character."

Harold is one of the most painstaking stars in pictures. For months he and his gag men work on the preparation of his story. When things become dull at the studio and ideas are coming slowly Harold says, "Come on boys, let's go to the bungalow." There, after a game of tennis, golf, or a swim their wits are quickened and the scenes move with more spontaneity.

Lloyd owns forty acres at Westwood Hills. There he has kennels for his thoroughbred Great Danes—forty or sixty, I have forgotten the exact number. When a set is required too large to be built at the studio Harold has it built at Westwood.

You'd never think he was the popular star that he is; the wealthy producer and successful business man. His manner is modest, thoughtful and unassuming, rather as you expect a less important man to be and as you don't always find that they are. Only people with greatness of soul are so genuinely unassuming, whether they are rich or poor—people who know that there is something in the world too great for them to know all of. They are usually diligent workers, seeking to do their bit and respecting the achievements of others.

Outside of working hours Harold dislikes to talk 'shop' and most of his personal friends are in other walks of life.

That is about all I found on that location because it was too cold to remain through the night. Harold and Mal kept moving me about to lights and salamanders to keep warm but Joe Reddy had not prepared for the bitter wind and was almost frozen to death, so we called it a day just before 'lunch' was served at midnight.

So when you see this scene in Harold's new picture which goes under the working title of "Welcome Danger," don't forget under what wild conditions it was made.



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## Gotham's Gift to Hollywood

Continued from page 41

After finishing a rôle in "The Cocoanuts," it was only natural that she be sent to Hollywood. As word gets around, the whole Paramount studio learned of Kay Francis the day she arrived. Groups of executives, directors and writers who stopped to talk on the lot, lost all track of conversation when she approached. Office boys delivered packages to the wrong desks when she passed. Other stars watched her out of the corners of their eyes. No one has ever been able to pass this girl without looking at her twice.

She leaves an indelible impression. Her hair is done in a sleek bob revealing her ears. Her eyes are not so enormous as those possessed by some of the cultivated motion picture beauties. Her mouth is not a cupid's bow nor does it have a bee-stung contour. But men just love to look into the Francis face and talk to her.

Her voice is low, gay and changes with her moods. She uses it beautifully. She doesn't have one of those baby giggles. Hers is an impressive laugh—yet nothing marvelous. But men have been known to miss prize-fights to listen to the Francis laugh. As for prize-fights—they're just along Kay's avenue. She's had time to see just one of the fights in Hollywood since her arrival. They say, that the night she attended, so far as the women in the audience were concerned, there wasn't any fight at all. They were busy watching the Francis style—trying to figure out how she managed to put all the people in all the parts of the country, which she touched, under her spell.

No one has yet seen Kay Francis in the same dress twice. She always wears tight-fitting hats with modernistic lines and folds around her face. Her gowns fit. She prefers to wear evening clothes. She loves black. She uses just one piece of jewelry with a costume. Leaving most of her wardrobe in New York, she brought three trunks and eleven suitcases of only spring and summer clothes to Hollywood. That's why Kay Francis has been called "the best dressed woman in America."

She's been in the West just about one month. She has given excellent account of herself in Clara Bow's "Dangerous Curves," made a trip to San Francisco, appeared in Charles 'Budy' Rogers' starring vehicle, "Illusion," and now has a featured rôle in Paramount's "Behind the Makeup."

If any of the Hollywood property men object to actresses who ask for drinks of water, food, chairs and stoves every minute, they should be on a Kay Francis picture. She's regular—Gotham's gift to the workman! She's the only actress ever known to try to help a garage man fix her flat tire in order that she be at the studio on time. She's heaven to the portrait photographer. She's the only actress, star or 'bit' player, who ever moved a small chair for herself in the portrait gallery of the studio when she knew it was necessary before the next picture could be taken. She's the only actress who has ever volunteered to adjust one side of a small rug while the photographer managed the other side. She doesn't mind having her picture taken with new railroad engines, in gag hats or on top of floats.

Around the studio, people always know Kay Francis is approaching before they see

her. A definite walk is heard and then her low, rich voice scolding Snifter, her tiny puppy, for biting her hand too hard. Snifter is quite a favorite with his mistress because he is the first and only dog she ever owned. Despite his six weeks' age, Snifter has also had a career. He was acting in pictures the day Miss Francis passed a dog fancier's shop in Hollywood. But Snifter's sister, sitting in the window attracted attention. Before Kay ever saw the tiny Scottie dog, he belonged to her. His name is an original idea from William Powell.

This young Francis girl has very definite ideas about living in Hollywood. One thing, she is going to save money. She lives in a bungalow with her colored maid, Ida. The latter, just as all people Kay has around her, has quite a personality. The actress stopped in Chicago and collected Ida on her way to Hollywood. The day Miss Francis arrived she bought a Ford roadster, the first car she ever owned, and named it Rabbit. Five hours after completing work on "Dangerous Curves," Kay Francis, Caddie Stewart, a school chum, and Snifter left to see the famous Golden Gate in the Rabbit.

Except for a couple of speed cops, several flat tires and dogs not being allowed in three hotels, they had a great time. She knows they would have been asked to pay a fine or leave Fresno if she hadn't stopped Snifter from scaring all the peacocks in the city park.

Kay says she's a careful driver but admits that she is still a little bewildered by all the traffic laws. She doesn't understand how it happened but somewhere in the middle of California the Rabbit was followed through three towns by a speed cop in another Ford. Finally, he overtook the girls and informed the actress that she was traveling 62 miles an hour by school houses, exceeding the speed limit at street crossings, passing at intersections, riding in the middle of the road, was a reckless driver and had passed ten cars in three miles. Both she and Caddie pleaded they'd only been in California three weeks and hadn't learned every rule yet. But with a ticket checked on several scores, the Rabbit wandered into the county seat of Lexington, California. After several inquiries, they found the judge in his court at the rear of the library. Less lots of energy wasted talking to the judge, \$25 and two hours' time, the girls in the Rabbit leaped on only to be stopped a couple of miles farther by another officer of the law. Not that she was speeding or driving recklessly, but had just passed a boulevard stop without stopping. They pleaded and explained and finally, with a black mark against them, this speed cop let the party continue. But not until he cranked their car and pushed it out of some sand.

In San Francisco, three hotels refused to take Snifter into their suites and thereby lost the distinction of housing Kay Francis. After going to Yosemite, circling mountain roads for hours at top speed in order to make a control and then missing it and having two flat tires, the Rabbit turned toward Hollywood and Kay to her career.

Oklahoma City is going to be flooded with newspaper stories when "Behind the Makeup" shows in that city. Not so many



years ago, Kay was born in the Oklahoma town. During her early childhood, she lived in Santa Barbara, California, Los Angeles, and Denver. When she was four years old, her mother brought her to New York City. The mother, Katherine Clinton, well-known repertoire player, went back to the stage and Kay was sent to school.

After finishing school, Kay entered a secretarial college in New York City and learned typewriting and shorthand because her mother wasn't overly anxious for her to become an actress. Instead of getting a job as a stenographer, she took a trip to Europe and spent eight months abroad seeing France, Holland and England. On her return trip she determined to go on the stage. Her mother was not exactly opposed to the move but allowed Kay to make her way on her own merits. Kay engineered the part of a lady-in-waiting for the modern version of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." By imagining that she once played in vaudeville, in a Kansas City stock company and in amateur theatricals and by telling the producers of her imagination, Kay was given the rôle of the queen. A small part, but nevertheless, a starter. The next five months, she spent as a 'disciple,' the name of a young person starting in the theatrical world, in Stuart Walker's stock companies in the middle west. In Cincinnati she met David Newell, who is now also under contract to Paramount. They both played 'bits' one week and leads the next. They both appeared in "Dangerous Curves" as their first rôles in Hollywood.

Returning to New York, Kay appeared in "Venus," "Crime," and "Elmer the Great." Not long after, talking pictures and Hollywood entered her life.

As for her personal self, she's been in love several times. At present there is no one in New York or Hollywood to whom she is engaged or even knows very well. If she remains in Hollywood, her mother and all of her clothes will be shipped west. She likes Hollywood quite a lot even if she hasn't had time to find out what's inside of giant ice cream freezers, windmills, icebergs and freak buildings in Southern California.

She was born on Friday the thirteenth in the thirteenth month of her mother's marriage. But to Kay Francis, thirteen, black cats, ladders and all that stuff is good luck.

Kay's just that way—okay!



Lee Tracy, who played in "Broadway" and "The Front Page" in the original stage productions, makes his movie bow in "Big Time."

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## Lombard—Unlimited—Continued from page 67

preliminary mugging process, politely known as a test, and Carol's work in her first picture won her a long-term contract.

Then, just to show once more that it's a small world, who do you think she was cast opposite next? Yep, Buck Jones—the young fellow who was born on the same street with her back in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Carol became a girl of the great open spaces and added the art of plain and fancy riding to her dramatic accomplishments.

Everything was going as it should. Carol's whirl around the cinema circle had begun. She was among friends. Stardom looked to be but a matter of time and learning the intricacies of a complex art. That would be easy, for Carol never had been accused of being a dumb-dora. Then Old Man Unexpected stepped into the picture in the form of an automobile accident and a perfectly good motion picture career so auspiciously begun was given a set-back. Injuries kept our heroine off the screen for six months and nullified her Fox contract.

Six months is a long time in Hollywood. An actress can be made or can pass completely out of the picture in that time. In the particular case of Carol, she had virtually passed out of the picture. But those who know Carol knew that this condition was a mere detail. The word 'quit' to her was merely a four-letter word meaning apple-sauce and could be found under the 'Qs' in the dictionary if anyone was so foolish as to want it.

Back on her pretty feet, Carol summoned her very effective sense of humor and looked over the field. The first opportunity came from Mack Sennett. Now, Carol never was very fond of pie. The vitamins or proteins or whatever-it-is that stars should not take too much of, annoyed her. But after all, getting a custard pie in the face and putting a custard pie in the face were two different things. Carol took the job and signed a contract for a year.

"And if you don't believe I've suffered for my art," comments Carol anent the year that ensued, "then you've never worked in a Sennett comedy."

The first scene that Carol played for Sennett required her to get a punch in the nose with a subsequent close-up of her rather pretty proboscis rouged to a nicety. Then she was required to have hollow wire strung through her hair leading to the edges of her eyes for the purpose of squirting 'tears' many feet so that her public might go into convulsions.

Fortunately, when Carol made her debut in slapstick comedy the famed custard pie was considered passé. Unfortunately, however, a substitute even more gooey had been found in the form of flour paste; so

that at various and frequent times thereafter our erstwhile ingenue was subjected to close-ups in which a husky property man just out of the picture line tossed gobs of soft, running, sticky batter into her eyes and ears and nose and mouth. Two-reel comedies, verily, were a revelation to our heroine, but, having started the thing, she decided characteristically to finish it.

At the end of the year Sennett production went into a coma and Carol went back to the Fox Studios, scene of her earliest efforts before the camera. It was in an ultra-sophisticated crook rôle in "Me, Gangster" and the third step of her trip around the dramatic circle.

Exigencies of reducing a film to practical length for general release often necessitates the removal of an entire characterization from the story and this was the fate of Carol when "Me, Gangster" was released. But the surgical process had not been completed when a Pathé official saw the Raoul Walsh production previewed and another step of the circular cinema trail was the result. There was a rôle of a two-timing country gal that needed filling in "Power," with William Boyd. Carol got it. She also got a long-term contract on the strength of her performance with Boyd and the prediction of Edmund Goulding, who was searching for new talent for Pathé, that she was one of the greatest starring possibilities in pictures.

"Ned McCobb's Daughter" came next. A snippy, pampered, selfish girl was the rôle that fell to Carol. "Show Folks" and another unsympathetic rôle followed, but it was pleasant inasmuch as Eddie Quillan played the male lead and there was much reminiscing to be done anent the custard pie situation at Sennett's where they had battled pastry together a few months previously.

Finally, Carol went back to see Mr. De Mille, just as he had told her to do. The visit, however, came at the behest of 'C.B.', who borrowed her from Pathé to play one of the two leads in "Dynamite." Six weeks of preparation followed; then eight. Pathé became anxious. The officials began to wonder when they were going to get their little girl back on the home lot. Robert Armstrong was waiting to start work in "Big News." Conferences followed. Carol came home by mutual consent, back to a leading rôle, with sympathy and everything. 'C.B.' sent her flowers with a note saying that he was sorry to lose her.

Carol had made the circle. She had kept going in the same direction for more than two years. Now Hollywood is waiting to see if Edmund Goulding is right: whether Carol Lombard, unlimited in determination and ambition, is indeed one of the greatest starring prospects in pictures.

## Just a Hollywood Boy—Continued from page 56

soldier or singer, reporter or Broadway hooper—he was that person in his own mind.

"You know Mr. Zanuck was over to see me this morning," Bakewell said, interrupting our train of thought. "Guess what he said?"

Now as Darryl Francis Zanuck is an associate executive at the Warner Brothers Studio and supervisor of forthcoming productions we hazarded the guess that what

he had said was both interesting and important.

"Right you are," Billy answered cheerfully. "He told me he liked my work so well that when I finished in 'On With the Show' he wanted me to do the leading juvenile rôle in 'The Gold Diggers' for Warner Bros. It's an all-dialog picture and will be done entirely in color. Mammy! Gee—now isn't that keen?"

"Do you know what Doug Fairbanks



did?" he added suddenly. "He gave me an autographed picture of himself. And another thing—you know he let me keep that iron mask that I used in the picture! Mammy! I'm sure proud of that. That was keen of him, wasn't it?"

It's refreshing that this youngster, who has lived all his life in Hollywood, and knows intimately many of film-land's most prominent producers, directors and stars, can retain so perfectly his fresh outlook and enormous enthusiasm for motion picture work and his childish delight at the kindness of its established stars. His is more the attitude of a newcomer to cinema-land, one dazzled by the beauty and color of the industry, than that of an old trouper.

Hollywood has not infrequently been accused of catering to 'pull,' influence and what-not. Certainly, in a measure this is true. Those who are inside nearly always give preference to their friends and relatives; it is no more than natural.

Bakewell's rise to recognition, however, is a notable exception to this type of growth. For two years this youngster haunted the studios, doing atmosphere and mob extra work before ever he won his first 'bit' part. Then he had to prove his mettle under fire before he received recognition. It wasn't easy. The road was a long, rocky one and the progress made seemed imperceptible to the boy, so anxious was he to do 'big things.'

"You know, it's a funny thing," he said "how most actors when they're not actually before the camera, keep off the set. They sit in one of the canvas chairs around the place, smoke cigarettes and swap jokes and stories, while awaiting their turn to emote. The novelty of pictures seems to have worn off for them, as well as the glamour and romance of the game. They regard it as no more than a prosaic job, even a tough one, when the schedule of scenes to be shot is heavy."

Billy Bakewell is frankly bewildered by these people. He just doesn't understand them. He can't see how anyone interested in making a name in the motion picture world could possibly be so stupid as to pass up the opportunity for learning the tricks of the trade, studying without charge in the studios.

"These same fellows go to the movies and study the actions of the stars critically to see how they do their scenes," Billy said. "Some of them take courses in elocution, the art of pantomime, and all that sort of thing. But they deliberately ignore the finest school of all and actually profess to be bored when a first-rate actor is performing before the camera in their own company. I can't understand it."

Together we wandered over to one of the stages, where a Bowery cabaret scene was being enacted. The dancing girl was struggling in the arms of the leering villain who had seized her and was trying to kiss her. She screamed. Entered the hero. With a single bound he was upon the villain, swung the blackguard round and laid him low with a stiff uppercut to the jaw. Sobbing, the girl stumbled into her rescuer's arms and the couple clinched for a fade-out.

"What did you think of that scene?" we inquired curiously, edging closer. "Terrible," muttered an older actor, his weary eyes oppressed by the hackneyed quality of the bit. "Aw, gee, no," protested young Bakewell vehemently. "That was—aw, Mammy, that was keen!"

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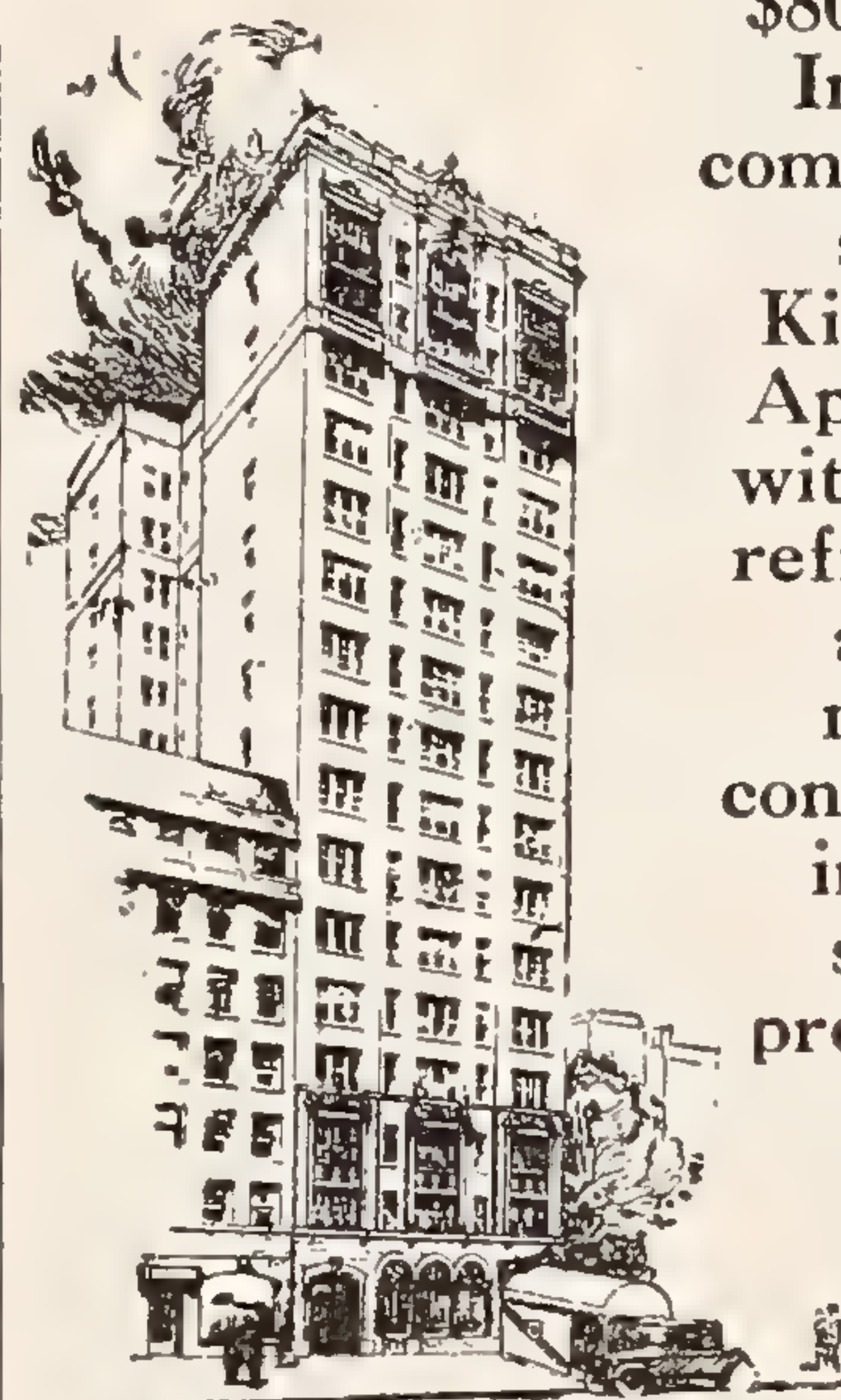
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## HOTEL GIBSON

C. C. SCHIFFELER, General Manager

## In New York—Continued from page 73

picture we hope some day to make together."

Richard Dix came to town—hiding behind a moustache! But he met a friend of his who said: "For heaven's sake have a shave!" So Richard sighed and had it removed.

"I went to Baltimore for my big opening," he told me.

"What picture?" "I wanted to know."

"It wasn't a picture," grinned Richard. "I had an operation. You know I never quite recovered from that operation I had some time ago so I thought another one would fix me up."

And it certainly did. I never saw Dix look so well—big and brown and husky, and eager to get to work on his new contract with Radio Pictures. He has one more to make for Paramount and then—whoopee!—he will start in doing the sort of romantic rôles he likes, under his new contract. William Le Baron will be his production chief and the two men have been friends for years. So it looks as if Richard's future is all set. All-talking? Of course.

Get ready to meet a new film star. Ever hear of Claire Luce? She's famous in New York, Paris, and London as a beauty, a dancer, and an actress; but has never been in pictures. However, since she scored such a hit in "Burlesque" on the British stage she has had movie offers aplenty; and has decided to accept the best—from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Paramount, probably.

Claire is very, very blonde, and has the enviable reputation of being the best-dressed girl on the New York stage. She used to be in the Follies and dances divinely. Studying voice and stage technique she went abroad and immediately clicked in London in a difficult dramatic rôle. And now she will go to Hollywood, where her first movie assignment will probably be as Roman Novarro's leading lady in Ramon's first all-talker. Claire's wealthy and devoted husband, Clifford Smith, will go with her.

Corinne Griffith came back from her three-months' vacation in Europe prepared to stay several weeks in Manhattan. She hadn't wanted to come home from Europe because she was having such a good time. But a popular screen star isn't her own boss. When there is a public demand for her pictures her company can be very stern and unyielding about cutting short her vacation. So before she knew it, Corinne found herself boarding another train for Hollywood. It seems the script for her next talkie, "Lilies of the Field," required her attention. And, being a conscientious star, she went back to work.

Have you missed Mae Murray? Or were you one of the fortunates who had the opportunity to see her in her vaudeville act while she was on tour? Either way, you'll

be glad to welcome her back to pictures, I'm sure. Mae has signed a contract with Tiffany-Stahl and her first will be an all-talking and musical version of "Peacock Alley"—yes, the same story she made some years ago and which proved such a success. Mae was in town for a week buying clothes for her first talkie and Tiffany-Stahl gave a luncheon for her at the Ritz. Mae looked charming when she rose to make a little speech. She faced the assembled newspaper people with a pretty smile and then before they could collect themselves she had entered into a plea for more tolerant reviews! She reminded the scribes that the audiences who pay to see pictures do not do so in a hyper-critical frame of mind. They want to be amused and entertained, and critics should take that into consideration.

SCREENLAND agrees with Miss Murray. You will always find SCREENLAND's reviews written in a spirit of fair play—the same spirit which pervades all of this Magazine. The editorial this month touches on this subject; be sure to read it!

Goodbye, Camilla Horn! Don't stay away too long. Somehow I can't believe that Hollywood will let Camilla go, just because she doesn't speak English as you or I. Because, after all, Miss Horn's accent is not heavy; on the contrary, it is charming; and since she was never called upon to play American girls anyway, why shouldn't there still be a place for her in our pictures?

Before she sailed to make a picture or two in Germany, Camilla played the heroine in the all-German talking picture made by Warner Brothers in their New York studio—"The Royal Box," starring Moissi, the famous continental star. This picture will be released in America as a silent film; in Europe as a German talkie. In the cast are two other lovely continental ladies—Elsa Ersi, who has made a name for herself in musical comedy on Broadway; and Vilga Nors, a beautiful Hungarian who looks a little like Vilma Banky and a lot like Marilyn Miller. You'll like her. They're calling her 'Vilga from the Volga!'

Mary Eaton is the latest Broadway star to desert to Hollywood. She played the lead in "The Cocoanuts" and "Glorifying the American Girl" at Paramount's eastern studios so Hollywood will not find her unprepared. Mary is said to be engaged to Millard Webb, Paramount director of "Gentlemen of the Press" and other pictures.

Edwin Carewe sailed for Europe with his wife, Mary Akin Carewe. And there's another romance for you! You know the Carewes were divorced several years ago. And it looked for a while as if director Carewe were interested in his Mexican star, Dolores Del Rio. But—now he and his wife have kissed, made up, and been married all over again, and this time it looks as if it will last!

ARE YOU A SELF-APPOINTED MEMBER  
OF THE "SCREENLAND BOOSTERS"  
CLUB?" SEE PAGE 100.



## Bennett the Third—Continued from page 55

back to the Wodens of Wales. And there were the sisters, Constance and Barbara, also noted in their line.

But Joan had never so much as expressed a desire for the stage.

Then there were physical handicaps which Richard Bennett thought would forever bar her from following in line of her heritage.

Joan was beautiful, but she was shy.

Her voice was musical, but weak.

Her eyes were bad and she had a habit of drooping her shoulders, which ruined her poise and grace on the stage.

But one day the unexpected happened.

Joan returned suddenly from school in France. She went immediately to the theater where her father was rehearsing for the starring rôle in the play, "Jarnegan."

"Father," Joan said quietly. "I have decided to go on the stage."

"All right, Joan," the elder Bennett said, using his best acting to keep her from sensing his happiness, "but I don't believe you will be any good."

"I'll show you," said Joan, the conqueror.

Then her father told her he had just the part for her first attempt. It was the ingenue lead in "Jarnegan," a most difficult and dramatic part.

Joan took the rôle and started rehearsals under the direction of her most exacting parent. And what a rehearsal it was—all of them!

"Father told me I was no different from a thousand other ingenues, and oh, how he worked on me!" Joan tells it with that slow smile of hers.

"He made me stand 'way in another part of the house while I was rehearsing, so that I could learn to strengthen my voice. He made me take difficult exercises to strengthen my back and give me poise. Soon everything was all right except my eyes, which are gradually improving."

Then "Jarnegan" had its premiere in New York. Joan was a sensation. Sam Goldwyn saw her—and you know the rest.

Then began her breathless rise to fame in Hollywood where stars have worked years to become famous.

Joan is a bit bewildered about her fame. She declares she owes everything to her father's strict training.

"Father was my director. I am his daughter. He is an artist. So little Joan Bennett just had to make good," she naively explains it.

Joan declares she wasn't a bit afraid, even on her first stage appearance. The fact that her father gave her the rôle and directed her as his leading lady in his New York production, calmed any fears she may have had, because she knew that her father, underneath it all, had confidence in her. And, according to Miss Bennett, that was everything.

"Aren't you afraid?" her friends asked her, whereupon Joan replied that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to act, particularly opposite her own father.

Joan was born in Palisades, New Jersey. As a girl she was educated at St. Margaret's a boarding school at Waterbury, Conn., and concluded her education at a finishing school, L'Ermitage, at Versailles, France.

It is hard for a pipe-smoking reporter to select the best adjectives in describing Joan: her wavy blonde hair, her Banshee eyes, her voice and—Joan. Vivid adjectives

are needed, so we'll just have to let you look at her picture and try to form a mental description of her yourself.

We found Joan behind the sets of a gloomy stage at United Artists studio, where she had been having a rehearsal with other members of the cast of "Three Live Ghosts." Max Marcin, the author of the play, was helping at the rehearsals.

Joan plays Rose, a young artist, who is reunited with her sweetheart whom she believed killed in action, in the filmization of this unusual play.

Miss Bennett learned oil painting in Paris, but when it came time for her to do a scene in which she was seen painting flowers and other decorations on pieces of chinaware, Joan admitted this phase of art was not familiar to her. So Thornton Freeland, the young assistant director, who won his spurs for his work as assistant to Roland West in "Alibi," and became a director for the first time in "Three Live Ghosts," hired Miss Bess Schubert, artist and instructor in china painting.

Joan was receiving her first instruction, between rehearsals, when we saw her. So we pulled up a studio chair for Miss Bennett, ourselves and one for her Chow pup, who has been all over the country with her.

We observed that Joan has splendid taste in clothes, and at the time we talked with her she was wearing a street ensemble of beige-colored woolen material with a sports hat of shiny straw in a color to match the ensemble.

Joan declares she is very happy in Hollywood. Her sister Constance is here now making pictures for Pathé, and perhaps her other sister Barbara, who is now making talking pictures in New York, may come to Hollywood later. Also, her father may come out, if "Jarnegan" ever ends it run.

The little actress in her spare time enjoys horseback riding, tennis and swimming for active outdoor sports. She has already begun to acquire a coat of famous California tan.

From now on Joan plans to confine her activities to talking pictures. Would she return to the stage? Yes, of course, provided her father wants her to be his leading lady again. She whispers that the talkies have simply created havoc with the New York stage, what with all its players flocking out here with microphone contracts safely tucked away in their pockets.

Personality, plus confidence and stage experience, which naturally includes a trained voice, form the necessary foundation to success in talking pictures, Joan believes. Naturalness, a stage trait her father drilled into her, is the essential thing needed in film work, she says.

Joan bemoans that she seems fated to play clinging-vine rôles, when as a matter of fact she would like to try her hand at portraying an independent-minded ingenue. She would like to play a young character who didn't have a girlish giggle and adoring eyes.

But it hasn't all been as easy as it sounds. I believe I had more difficulties to overcome in both stage and screen rôles than anyone else. I still have some trouble with my eyes," she concluded, rather seriously.

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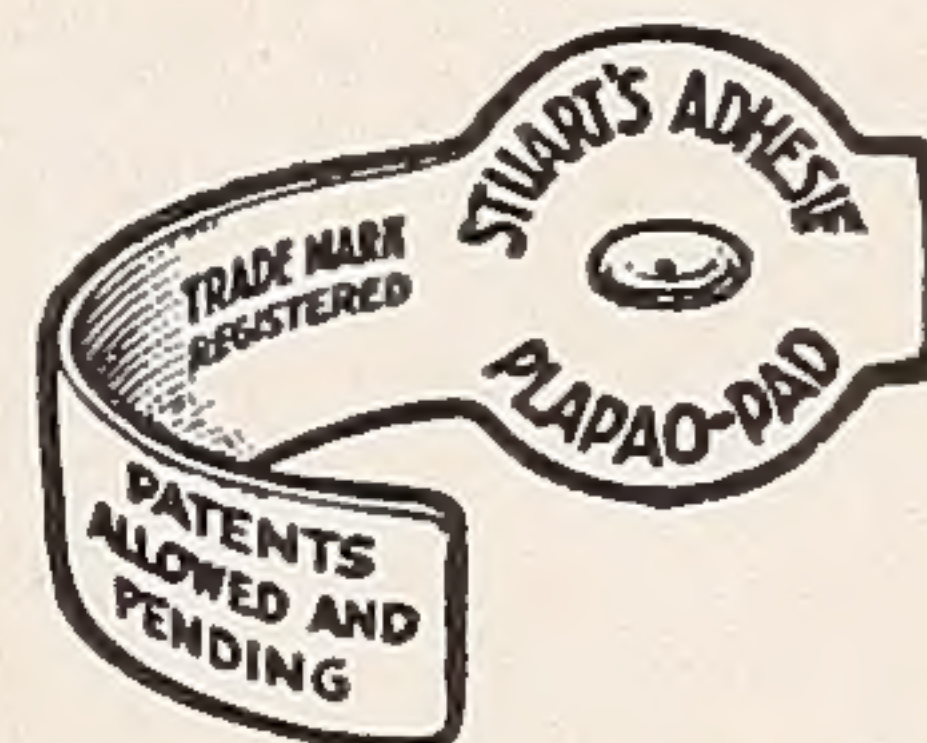
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*Hello Hollywood—Continued from page 79*

or playing. At present all three Gleasons are working for the same studio. A new home is nearly ready for their occupancy. This is the realization of another life-long dream. Their own home! It is a pretentious English house, with spacious lawns and gardens, a guest house, tennis courts, swimming pool and a huge garage for the numerous cars in the family.

Since coming to Hollywood the Gleasons have all become hikers.

"Great places to tramp," beamed Gleason. "Feet that are used to Lexington Avenue cement seem to like Hollywood soil. And the stickers! Have you ever come across stickers? I've met millions of them in tramping over the hills. They come off weeds and are all dried up. They get into your clothes. You get one in the cuff of a trouser leg yesterday morning and tomorrow morning you'll pick it out of your vest lining. They're like fleas, only they don't multiply."

Writers who complain they have to leave the distracting charms of Hollywood and return to a four-walled office in New York in order to do concentrated writing have no sympathy from Jim Gleason.

Besides writing dialog for Pathé pictures, acting with Mrs. Gleason in comedies on several studio lots, and directing some of his own film productions, Gleason finds time for writing and revising during his spare time. With Mrs. Gleason he is at present rewriting a comedy drama that ran in New York some time ago.

"We got so many requests for a sequel play to 'The Shannons of Broadway' that we have started work on a new comedy

to be called 'The Shannons of Hollywood.' It will show the funny experiences of a stage team breaking into moving pictures. Sure, we'll use some of our own personal experiences.

"Mrs. Gleason is doing a play in collaboration with Wells Root, who used to be a critic on the New York World. It will be produced in New York, but will be given a Hollywood showing first."

In addition, Jim is enlarging into a three-act play a vaudeville skit in which Lucile Gleason once played.

"Jim is right," declared Mrs. Gleason in discussing the question of Hollywood or New York as a work-shop. "If you have to work, or want to badly enough, the place is not such an important factor. It is delightful to me, though, to be acquiring a coat of California tan at the same time I'm working. Jim and I do almost all our writing out of doors. And most of our pictures have had location scenes, which means whole days of working in the sunshine."

Gleason says an actor always goes back to Broadway, some time or another.

"As for me, I think I'll be a commuter. Any number of people commute between New York City and Jersey and Connecticut communities. And people who work in Hollywood think nothing of a hundred-mile motor jaunt up the coast to home after the day's work. So I think I'll just be a Hollywood-to-New York commuter. In that way I'll be sure the gardener gives the California rose bushes enough water. And I'll be on hand when a new play of mine opens on Broadway."

*And Now—Color—Continued from page 27*

There is only one thing more—stereoscopic—the third dimension. For no matter how perfect the photography, the color and sound, utter realism is impossible without the illusion of distance and depth.

Theoretically, stereoscopic was considered an optical impossibility unless the picture was shot from two points of view and the images pulled together by glasses worn by the spectators.

For fifteen years every mechanically-minded man in motion pictures experimented with stereoscopic. Even I had a try at it. Seeing a few feet of what appeared to be a perfect stereoscopic in a news-weekly film of a train moving through a forest, I figured that the lateral movement of the train synchronized with the downward movement of the film, so that every frame registered a picture just the width of the eyes apart.

I told my discovery to Rollie Totheroth, Charle Chaplin's cameraman, and we rigged up a camera that oscillated the width of the eyes so that every other picture was taken with the alternating eye. The result was interesting, but it was not stereoscopic. The figures looked like bas-reliefs fastened to the background.

Then for years I went to projection rooms to witness some other fellow's 'triumphs.' They had achieved every curious optical effect imaginable—except stereoscopic.

No, it was theoretically impossible.

Nothing, however, is impossible in this world of mechanical wonders. Now word comes from New York that stereoscopic has arrived!

If this is true we are shortly to have the perfect — mechanically speaking — motion pictures—movement, sound, color and the third dimension.

Even the pluperfect picture is possible—for the fourth dimension will be the art of registering the psychic.

Thus there lies before us probably the greatest entertainment the world has ever seen, for the most magnificent performances ever given by Ziegfeld or the London Hippodrome will look like road shows compared to the spectacles possible in a motion picture studio. And the best part is that such gorgeous productions will be just as available in small towns as they will be in the cities.

In one way, however, even the super-superest motion picture Follies show, with color, movement, music, song and dialog, will never displace Ziegfeld or any other great impresario, for nothing can substitute the actual human presence of the actors nor take the place of a brilliant audience. There is a certain psychic exhilaration in being part and parcel of a great metropolitan gathering.

Yet for the average person in smaller towns, 'the play's the thing,' and in a year or so, they will see plays that will pop out their eyes like so many frightened codfish!



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